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APRIL 20, 1957

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THE STATE VISIT TO PARIS

—A SPECIAL SECTION IN THIS ISSUE

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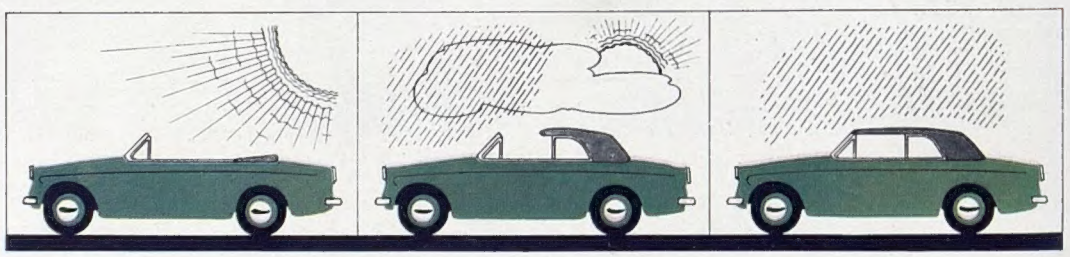

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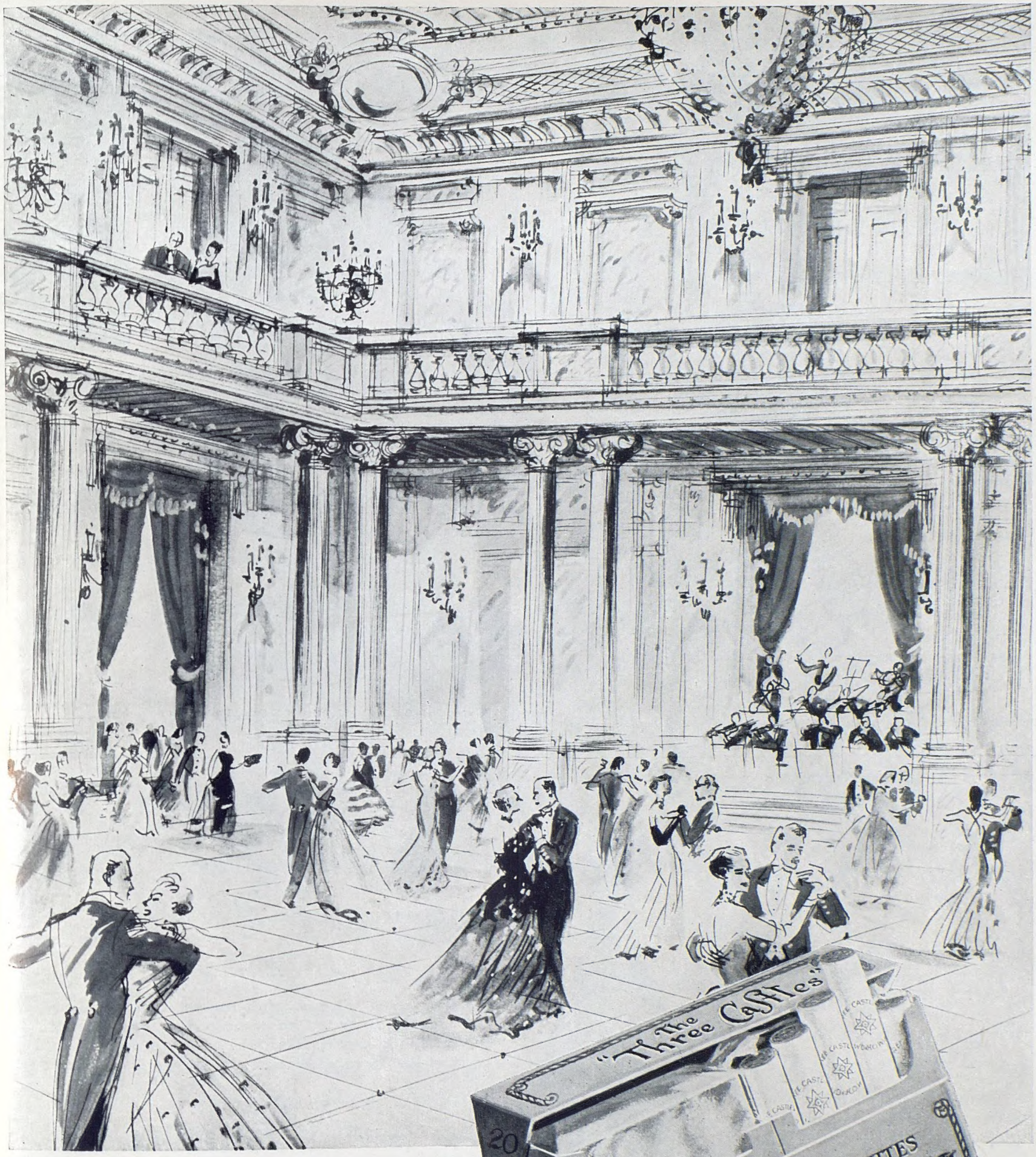

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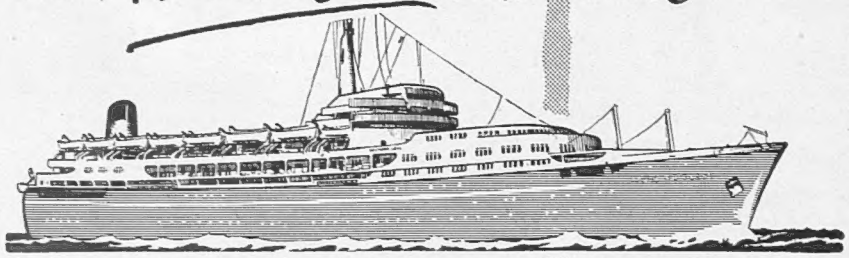

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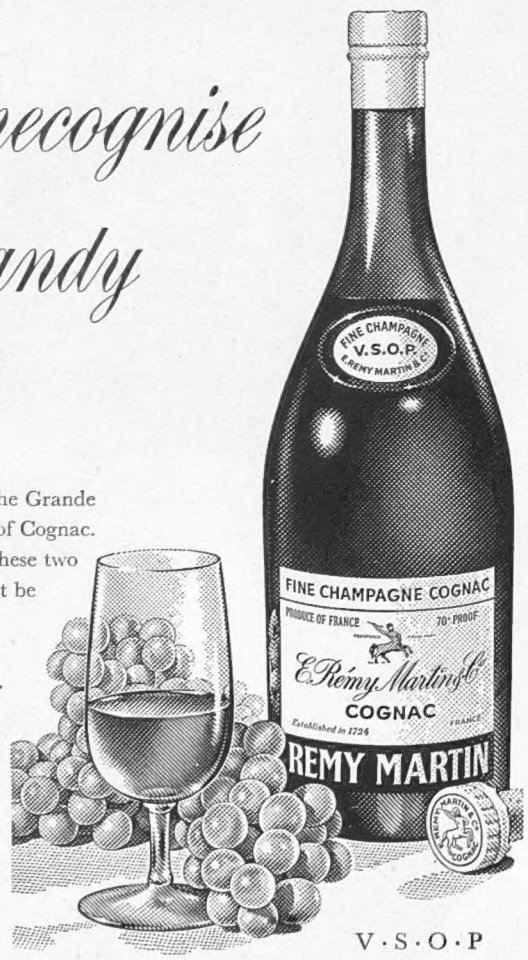

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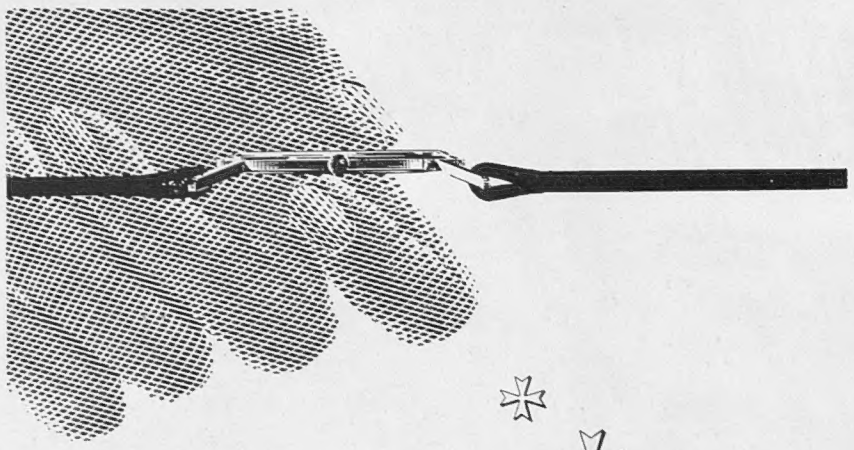

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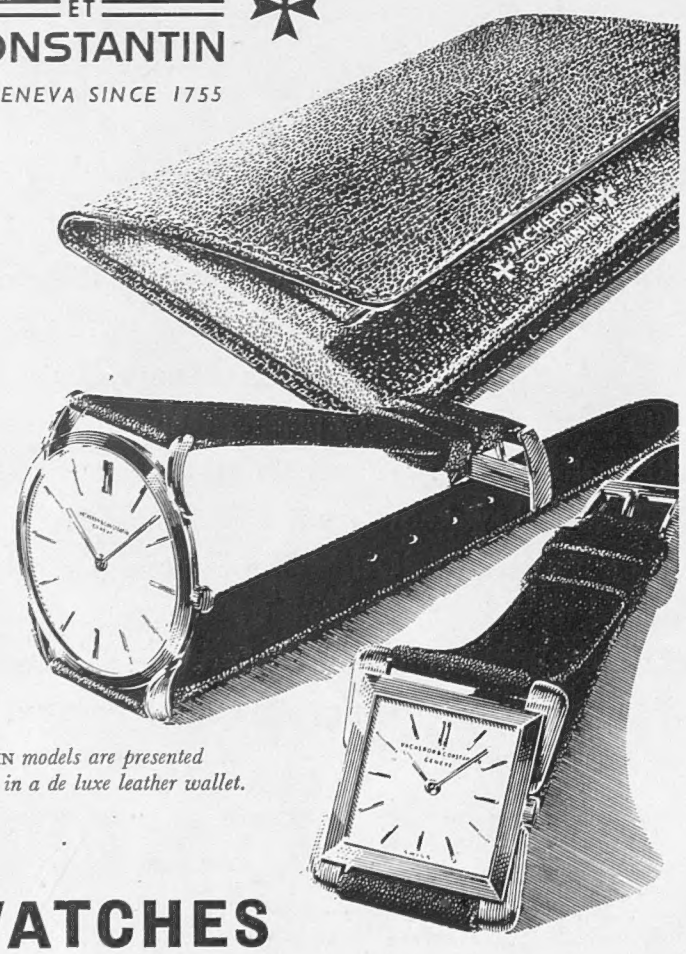

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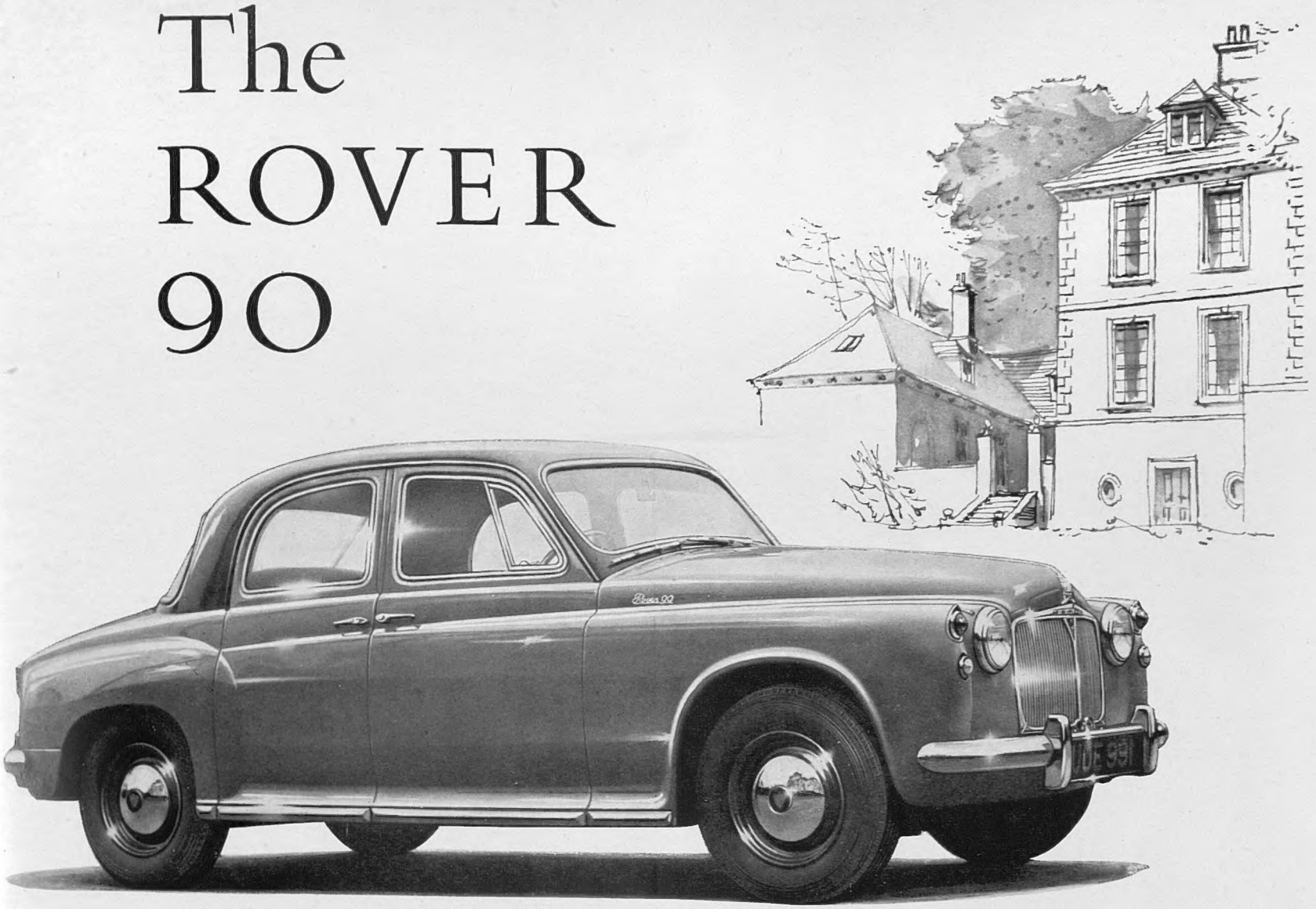

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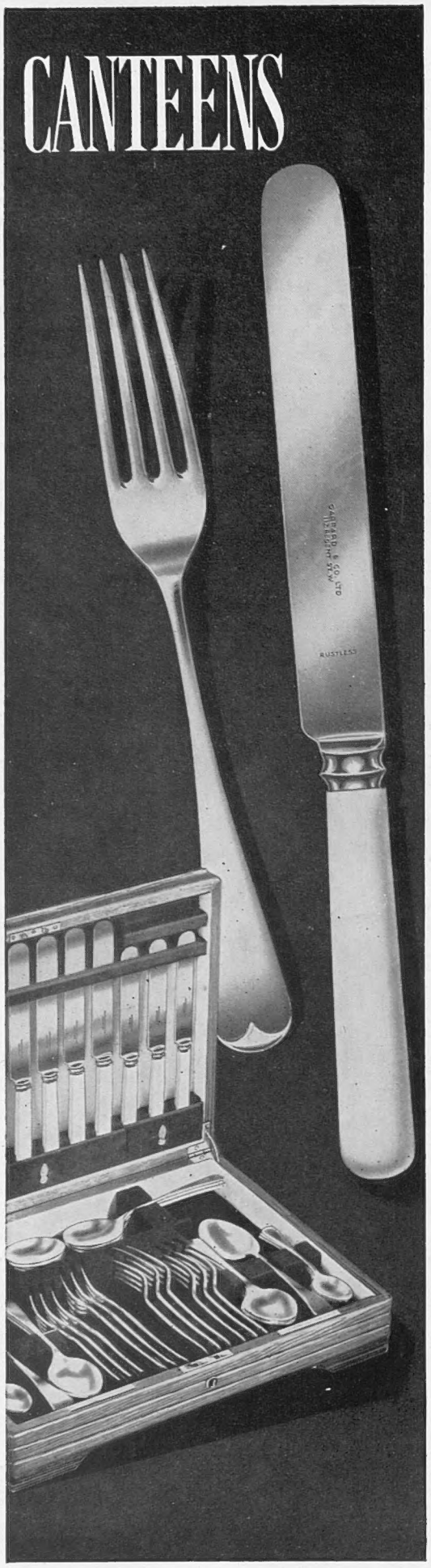

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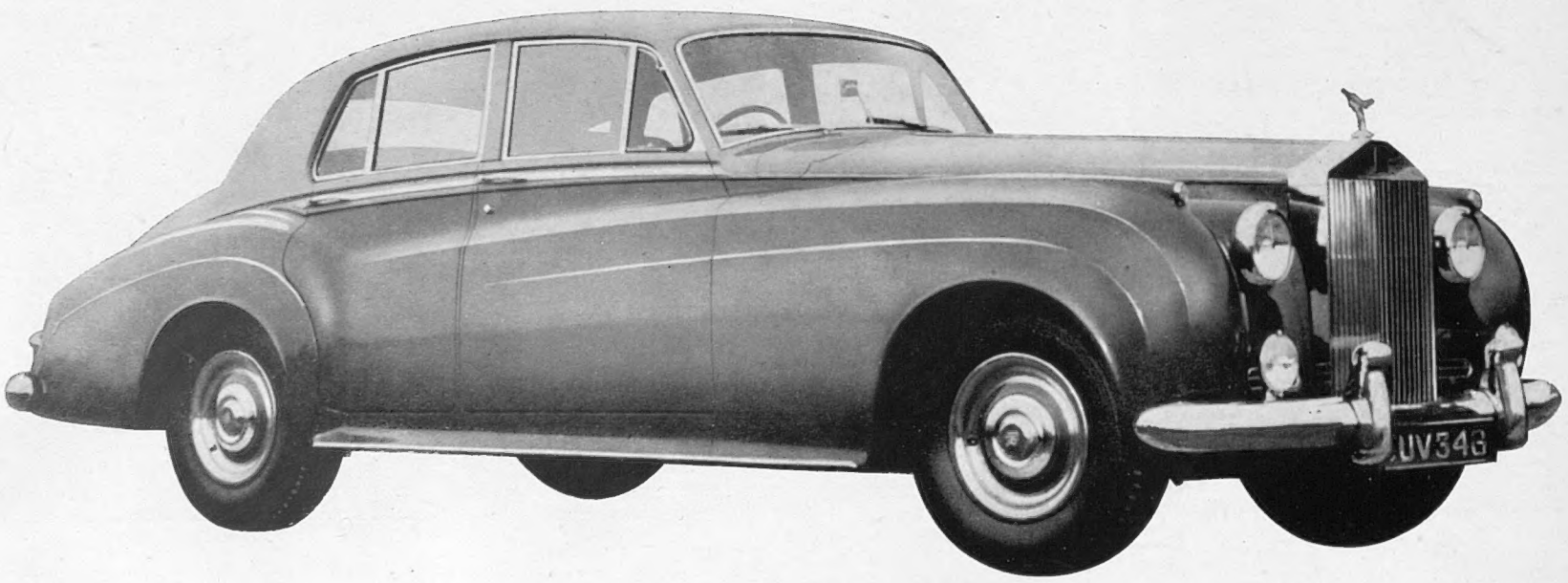

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By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen *Motor Car Manufacturers Rolls-Royce Limited*

Volume CCXXIX No. 2977

The SPHERE, London, April 20, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PARIS WELCOMES THE RADIANT QUEEN—HER MAJESTY ARRIVES AT THE OPERA TO ATTEND THE GALA PERFORMANCE: She is seen in her gown of ivory satin on the first night of the State visit to France when she attended a performance of *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle* in company with Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and President Coty. They had driven from the Elysée Palace after attending a State banquet, the first of many splendid and spectacular occasions of the visit.

Paris has been *ên fete* for the Royal visit. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent three days in the capital and stayed at the Elysée Palace as the guests of the President, M. René Coty. From the time of their arrival at Orly Airport until their departure from Le Bourget for a short visit to Northern France, the Royal visitors were acclaimed by vast crowds assembled in brilliant sunshine. As the Queen declared in a farewell message to M. Coty, the Parisians gave them a welcome "which has gone straight to our hearts and which will remain one of the happiest and most enduring memories." This welcome was also referred to by the President when he spoke at the banquet in the Palace. He said that the cheers which had greeted the Royal visitors expressed better than could any speech the respectful and affectionate tribute of the French people to the most gracious Sovereign who wears such an honoured crown. It was after the banquet that the President and his Royal visitors set out for the drive via the Place de la Concorde to attend the gala performance.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

THE QUEEN'S CRUISE ON THE SEINE: The ship *Borde Fretigny* with President Coty and his Royal guests aboard at the beginning of their river journey on the second night of the State visit to France. Floodlighting effects and tableaux were mounted along the banks, and on the return journey a firework display staged.

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Paris in April.—If grim old London can look like Paradise, on a fine sunny day in April, what can you expect on such a day in the City of Light? In wishing all readers a happy Easter, I remind them that Easter 1957, if the weather smiles, will be an Easter they have rarely seen before and are not likely to see often again. It falls so late. But more than that, it falls in an abnormal season. It will be Easter in summer. It will, in effect, be Easter in mid-May. The azaleas will be probably past their best, the lilacs, maples, wistarias, laburnum will all combine in glory with spring gorse and summer rhododendrons, and if the effect is not a knock-out, I will eat my hat. But those who have opened their gardens to the public in the latter half of May will have to apologise to their patrons. (Last week we ate our first dish of asparagus a month ahead of schedule.) And if London will be glorious this Easter and the passer-by will babble of green fields, what about Paris after being decked by Art and Nature to greet Queen Elizabeth? The Bois and the gardens, the Champs Elysées, the chestnuts and lilacs, Versailles and the Trianons. I can think of only one instance when it required the charm and tact of an English Sovereign to conquer Paris. That was the visit of Edward VII in April 1903, following visits to Portugal and Italy. The success of the visit hung by a hair at the start. There were some growls of "*Vivent les Boers!*" It ended in a triumph. Like the Norman knight in Kipling's poem, who came to conquer England and found that England had conquered him, King Edward came to Paris and conquered her. His son, grandson and great-granddaughter came to Paris as sure of conquering as of being conquered by Paris. No city has anything on Paris as a host in springtime, and no Sovereign has anything on our Queen as a charmer. The hour, the scenery and the actors assured a triumph for the play. The sun shone so strong and fair on the City of Light that the bitter wind was almost forgotten. Perhaps some such discipline was necessary to keep the enthusiasm within bounds of decorum.

Budgets and Brass Tacks.—The Budget secrets are out. When the Chancellor and his opposite (Opposition) number had praised it and torn it to pieces, we counted the gains, if any, to our own purses and wondered what all the pre-Budget excitement was about. A middle income-group man may discover that he will be £25 or so "richer" than last year; or he may not. Not that Budgets are of no importance. They are very serious matters, politically, above all. A small advantage to one group may still further acerbate another and a larger group. But modern Budgets, apart from Party politics, pale into insignificance beside the larger, unsolved problems of our economic structure. Budgets by themselves cannot cure our ills. An "opportunity Budget" means nothing unless the opportunity to survive is taken by the nation as a whole. Take, for example, the power and the lack of authority of trade unions to-day. They are good and bad, like most things human. Why is it that the overall picture of them and of their activities suggests a vast and powerful Opposition not only to employers but to Governments and the nation? We know that the bulk of the unions are responsibly led. Even in the last deplorable strikes, we noted their restraining influence exerted. We ask ourselves why that influence cannot be extended and strengthened. For the fearful damage which is done by the irresponsible is not in doubt in any minds. The whole trade union movement is perhaps unjustly branded with the hideous theory that while it is every worker's right to strike whenever a grievance arises, if it be only a personal quarrel between two men, or whenever a rise in profits or a rise in living costs gives a handle for a new claim, yet the worker's right to *work* is a matter of no importance. The voice of the loyal and contented worker is drowned in the clamour of the discontented. Trade unionism as a whole is held responsible, and "two nations" we must remain until Government and trade unionism realise the consequences and get together to thrash out a new wage structure to govern the scales of all workers in every field of national activity which benefits the State. The public services—the nationalised industries—are a case in point. They were nationalised to benefit the public. They run at a loss with no marked improvement in their services. Cost to the public for ever rises with no corresponding service advantages, as wages and costs soar. Yet fuels and transport are not less vital than shipbuilding, and a skilled worker in a nationalised industry which does not pay is no less important than a skilled worker in an industry making a profit. To each case the cost-of-living factor is common.

"UN GARCON TRISTE": This little French boy dressed as a Guardsman wanted to hand a bouquet of flowers to the Queen. Unfortunately, her procession passed him by and the spontaneous gesture went unnoticed.

A London

Recasting Defence Policy.—This White Paper on Defence is certainly an historic document. If it does not produce all the jam which the taxpayer hoped for to-day, it firmly promises a good deal more to come. And its present ration of jam is faintly visible in this year's Budget. But our defences are not to be dug solely with the aim of relieving the taxpayer. The taxpayer knows very well the need and the cost of digging ditches. The new look on defence must be considered not by what it costs or saves, but by whether it can do its job. Take the Army. The cuts in B.A.O.R. already announced stand as amended. A start is to be made to reduce our forces in Libya, the last battalion is to be withdrawn from Korea, and there is to be at once a thinning of garrisons in colonies and protectorates. In place of these far-flung detachments, a mobile reserve will be kept at the ready with a big transport fleet to go where glory waits it. The call-up will completely end in 1960, unless voluntary recruitment fails. In the Navy, the retrenchment seems even more impressive and the new look more revolutionary. Many warships in reserve, including four of our five great battleships, will be scrapped. The new Navy will be a fleet of "little ships," designed to cope with peacetime emergencies or limited hostilities on lines which will make it most mobile, least vulnerable to attack, and most deadly in armament. It is in the Air Force and from its Service chiefs that the bulk of criticism and doubt will come. The principle accepted is that Britain is now virtually indefensible from nuclear attack. It remains only to

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR ARRIVES AT THE ELYSEE PALACE: Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb arrive for the State banquet given by President Coty in honour of the Queen and Prince Philip on the first night of their stay in Paris.

conserve air bases for the time necessary to reply in kind while averting the full weight of inevitable destruction as long as possible. It is, the Minister says, as necessary as ever to plan as a deterrent to nuclear war. It is on halting development of the supersonic manned bomber that the chief criticism will fall. This decision must affect industrial production no less than defence. And fighter aircraft projects are halted at the supersonic P.1. Our air forces, both in Germany and attached to NATO, will be considerably reduced within a year, and what is left of the former will be stiffened with atomic weapons. By 1962 the man-power of the defence forces will be little more than half what it is to-day. Overall the new look on defence is built on the idea that we can only "go it alone" in the use of conventional weapons in limited operations to defend our overseas interests. In global wars waged with nuclear weapons we are a very vulnerable unit with an appropriately minor role to play in Allied defence and deterrence.

Savings To-day and To-morrow Analysed.—The savings envisaged by the White Paper, as it was soon discovered, would not provide immediate money for the taxpayer to jingle in his pocket or to encourage inflation. This year's saving does not quite balance the unhappy increase of £100,000,000 in civil expenditure. Then again, in the year immediately ahead, the saving—a very large one—which will come about by reducing the armed forces to (ultimately) nearly half its present size must be offset by much higher pay for the professional small army, on which those cuts depend. And, of course, the weapons with which this professional force must be armed will cost more and more in research and supply. For years to come, the taxpayer's relief will be in the form of invisible and highly problematical benefits. We must wait and see whether the expected return or introduction into civil industry of 300,000 young men released from the Forces releases the hoped-for energy for productive purposes which will enable us to hold and increase our share of world markets. If these new civilian workers merely add another 300,000 to that part of our present labour force whose addiction to hasty strikes and restrictive practices has helped to land us where we are—in the red—our invisible benefits will not swiftly emerge into the light of day and the absorption of the new

Newsletter

recruits will not be achieved without difficulties. In fact, for many years to come, hope is likely to remain the only asset of the taxpayer who is not heavily taxed by the State at the source. Nevertheless, there is a great deal to praise in the White Paper, and I hope that the Government will not be swayed by foreign criticism. We have prayed for a little realism; we believe that Governments should acknowledge and declare truths, however unpleasant, and for my part I am glad of two tardy releases of the truth: that our island is indefensible in a global nuclear war and that we cannot and will not any longer bear an unfair burden in Western defence.

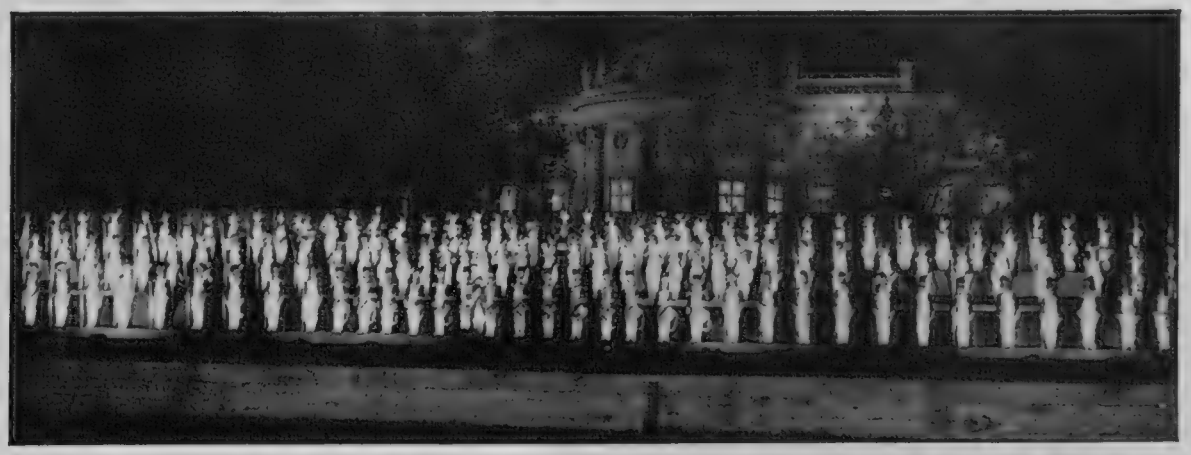
"Ils ne Passeront Pas."—That was the splendid slogan of the French in the First World War when the Germans battered a vital part of their defences. It was splendid because they meant it and stuck to it and the Germans did not pass. The Transport Commission made it a condition of granting the 5 per cent. rise to railwaymen that pledges should be given on joint efficiency measures and attaining a system of periodic reviews of pay. The N.U.R. gave the desired pledge and got their 5 per cent. rise. The A.S.L.E.F. have not given it and the footplate men were left with the 3 per cent. rise awarded last November. Nevertheless, the footplate men have got the full rise. Some of them were N.U.R. members. It was awkward to stick to the slogan. Just the same, Makarios was asked to sign a pledge as the price of going free. He didn't sign it—

THE DUKE AT A FRENCH ATOMIC ENERGY PLANT: The Duke of Edinburgh listens to explanations by M. Francis Perrin, the Director of Atomic Energy during his tour of the plant at Saclay, near Paris.

he signed something quite different. Nevertheless he goes free. Expediency required the surrender in both cases. Compromise is one thing, a very important thing. Surrender to expediency, to avoid trouble, is another thing. It is often rash and foolish to stand on a *ne plus ultra* line and say "thus far and no farther." But the slogan can be splendid only if it is justified and honoured. When it is not, it is convicted of folly and vain boasting. And it makes more trouble for the future than it staves off in the present.

Blast Them.—The wet winter has been succeeded by the customary spring drought, which usually begins in the latter half of March. It is the season of blasted heaths. Last spring, of the seven commons nearest my house, six had been reduced to bare and shining ebony before April. The only relieving touches of colour were the beer and lemonade bottles and the metal scrap. Wild life had vanished and the early nests were all destroyed. This year some abnormally warm weather brought out the motoring picnic parties earlier than usual and their parking places are already marked out gaily with a new crop of bottles, cartons and paper used for all purposes. The picnickers, it is true, usually stay close to their cars, but if flowering shrubs are visible in a private garden bordering the chosen common, they will use their legs. The flowers are picked, the shrubs, if small enough, may be pulled up by the roots. If detected, the ramblers always advance the same excuse: "Well, it 's common land, isn't it?" True, it was so once before the Enclosure Acts. But they are ancient history now. And the outraged garden-owner's time-honoured riposte: "What would you say if I got over your fence and pulled up your lettuces?" seldom has any acknowledgment. But I would forgive them a little mild peculation and trespassing if only they would realise the dangers of dry gorse and bracken when picnic fires are lit and lighted cigarettes thrown down. We have to live among the blasted heaths all the year round, and every year these fires reduce the heather and increase the bracken. They can always find a nice new common to uglify.

THE QUEEN AT THE RENAULT CAR FACTORY: Her Majesty is driven round the huge factory at Flins, in France, as the various sections are explained to her. Overhead a car body for a Renault Dauphine can be seen as it is swung into position on an overhead crane ready for the assembly-line. Later the Queen accepted a Dauphine as a gift from the Company. It had been assembled in the British branch of Renault at the Acton factory.



DURING THE ROYAL CRUISE ON THE SEINE: Grenadiers of Napoleon's Grand Army line the banks of the Seine during the cruise along the river which was one of the most spectacular of the many events attended by the Queen and the Duke and which took place on the second day. Dressed in the old uniforms of the great period of French history, the Grenadiers were part of the many floodlit *tableaux vivants* staged on the quays for the Royal couple.

That Channel Tunnel.—A reader begged me to lose no time to return again to the subject of that old Channel tunnel, to which I recently referred. The opportunity comes sooner than I expected. The *Thunderer's* Special Correspondent last week gave a new fillip and new look to that century-old controversy. A New York company has already been formed to explore the old avenue again, and there is a rumour that there are optimists who might embark some money in an underwater "Suez" out of the immediate reach of a Nasser. A hundred years ago our little ditch of 22 miles width was still an asset. But Blériot hit it for six, and for my part I never understood the military fears first expressed about the project. Even fifty years ago we could have blown it up in an emergency in half an hour. To-day, it is believed, governments have advanced beyond "Wolseley-mindedness." Economic and political factors support the desirability of a land connection with Europe. Closer European union, the Free Trade area, the needs of NATO, the needs of our home manufacturers for easier and swifter means of transport for their exports, the fact that Russia has a fine fleet of elusive submarines and that we cannot feed ourselves or run our industry save by sea-borne transport. All these matters favour reconsideration. The tunnel would cost the earth, with or without a pilot-tunnel. But what 's £100,000,000 nowadays, especially if it is not all taxpayers' money? It would take years to complete, but governments stress the importance of the long-term project. Short-term projects are so often shown up in a man's lifetime or even in his days of office. THE OLD STAGER

THE RECEPTION AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, IN PARIS: Invited guests await the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Hôtel de Ville for the reception given on the second day of the Royal visit by the Municipality of Paris. On her arrival at the reception Her Majesty was greeted by M. Ruais, the Mayor of Paris, M. Pelletier, the Prefect of the Seine Department, and M. Genébrier, the Prefect of Police. In a short speech in French the Queen spoke of her profound affection for Paris.

FRANCE WELCOMES THE QUEEN

An Eyewitness Account of the Royal Tour

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

PARIS, April 12.

THIS has been a proud week for the British residents in Paris, and for the British everywhere. The world's loveliest capital has given a rapturous, tumultuous welcome to the world's loveliest Queen. For the first time in history, Paris has lost her heart to a Royal visitor. A foreign Queen has succeeded where Marie Antoinette tragically failed. Two days ago I wondered if Queen Elizabeth II, looking out over the banked hortensias, through the sun-flooded tall windows of the Galérie des Glaces, or sitting in the beautifully restored Versailles Opéra in which Marie Antoinette fêted her wedding to the future Louis XVI, or receiving the Ambassadors of the Commonwealth and their wives at the Trianon, near the village in which Marie Antoinette played at being a milkmaid and shepherdess, was tempted to contrast the present and the past of Versailles.

Now the past unforgettable and emotional days are over. The programme of the visit has been so tightly packed with incident, image and pageantry that the Queen's memories of it may excusably be confused. But if the supper by candlelight in the historic Louvre, with which the three-day visit concluded, provided a fitting climax to the visit, the most astonishing and picturesque of the pageants afforded by Paris to the Queen—and by the Queen to Paris—was that of her moonlight voyage in a glass-canopied boat down the Seine. Half a million people lined the river banks, and the great historic monuments and beautiful ancient buildings, floodlit by projectors, were bathed in a soft, brilliant and revealing light.

Paris has one ceremonial advantage over London in that it is smaller. The river runs through the heart of the city, and the historic buildings and bridges are concentrated in a comparatively narrow space grouped around the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame and its island, with the giant silhouette of the Eiffel Tower cutting the skyline.

The illuminations of Paris this week must have been unsurpassed anywhere. The French are always brilliant in organising exquisite small ceremonies, if less successful in gigantic pageantry like that of the Coronation. But in this case the small and exquisite was married to the gigantic. The Queen—herself the most glittering gem of the galaxy, to quote one French newspaper—saw a succession of *tableaux vivants* along the banks of the Seine from the Pont des Invalides to the Ile St. Louis. Among them were a group of Napoleonic Grenadiers, stiff and motionless as toy soldiers, in front of the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, which Napoleon created; soldiers in the uniforms of Louis XIV in front of the Louvre; the gallant Henri IV and his ladies near the Pont Neuf; and, in front of Nôtre Dame, its wonderful stained-glass windows

IN THE GARDEN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY: The Queen holds a silver spade with which she is about to plant a small cherry tree on the Embassy lawn. In the centre of the picture is Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the Ambassador, with his wife (behind the Queen).

LUNCHEON IN THE GALERIE DES GLACES, VERSAILLES: Guests sit at the dressed tables in the Galérie des Glaces during the luncheon offered to the Royal guests in the Palace of Versailles. In all, some 300 guests were present for the meal, which was served by more than 100 footmen in knee breeches. Earlier the Queen and the Duke had driven from the Hôtel de Ville to the Palace through crowded streets. Before attending the luncheon Her Majesty signed the Golden Book in the Palace after entering, appropriately enough, by the Queen's Staircase.

On left—
HER MAJESTY MEETS COMMONWEALTH REPRESENTATIVES: Accompanied by Prince Philip, the Queen greets Commonwealth guests in the Grand Trianon, Versailles, after watching a *cour de ballet* in the restored Louis XV Opera House. At the reception were all the heads of the Commonwealth missions in France. After the reception the Queen's visit to the Palace came to an end and she left for the Elysée

illuminated from within, a massed choir of boy singers chanting medieval hymns and complaints. Finally, at the end of the Ile St. Louis, was a glittering reproduction of the Paris Flower Market, with flower-girls and fashionable women, and many thousands of flowers, the whole set off by an immense curtain of cascading water, coloured by floodlights and dissolving into ever-changing patterns of colour and light, due to the united efforts of the fire brigades of Paris.

As the Queen's barge turned to reach the starting-point of this magical journey into the night, a coruscation of bursting stars, formed by a superb firework display, rose over Paris from the Pont Alexandre III, and the moonlit skies were filled with flowers, red, green, blue and yellow, and even—for the first time, it is said, violet—which shed their graceful petals over the Queen.

This was a great, perhaps the greatest, moment in the pageant. But the real spectacle was to be found, not in the skies but on the river banks. Over a five-mile course the crowds lined the quays ten and sometimes twenty deep. The bridges, although forbidden in some cases, were wonderful vantage points and speedily occupied. The windows of the apartment buildings along the quays were lit brilliantly for the occasion and black with human silhouettes.

As the Royal barge glided over the waters, the white figure of the Queen, sitting between President Coty and the Duke of Edinburgh, was picked out in the light of projectors or lighted from the star-clusters bursting above her. A roar of acclamation continued from point to point along the riverside, and was echoed from the spectators in the window-seats, the "Queen Parties" as the elegants termed them. But these comfortably and warmly placed sightseers missed the popular enthusiasm on the windswept quays below, the warm emotion and excitement which always swoop over a Parisian crowd when it greets one of its idols. But the most glamorous film star, never won such spontaneous admiration and affection as the Queen evoked on this magical night on the Seine, the river a flood of silver fire, the sky a rich blue tapestry embroidered with the bursting silver stars of the rockets.

After the excitement and unsurpassed beauty of this night on the river, when the whole city could see her

(*Continued on following page*)

THE ROYAL VISITORS ARE ENTERTAINED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: The Queen, accompanied by M. Coty, and the Prime Minister, M. Mollet, is followed by Prince Philip and M. Pineau, Foreign Minister, during a procession through the Salle Denon at the Louvre, when they attended a banquet and reception given by the Government.

On left—
THE FIRST BANQUET: T
Queen is seen making h
speech in reply to o
made by the President
the State banquet in t
Salle des Fêtes, at t
Elysée Palace. Prin
Philip is sitting on t
left of M. Coty.
the extreme left of t
picture is Mr. Selw
Lloyd, who acted
Minister in Attendan
The Queen, who was spe
ing in French, finished h
speech : " M. le Préside
I raise my glass in y
honour, and I drink
the prosperity of Fra
and that of its associa
peoples. May the c
fident understandi
between the Fren
Republic and the Uni
Kingdom always endur

FRANCE WELCOMES THE QUEEN

(*Continued from previous page*)

clearly and no longer half-hidden in one of the low-built modern cars which limit the visibility of street spectators, the contrast of the return to the decorum and familiar British faces of Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb and his wife at the British Embassy must have proved as relaxing, if as unsurprising, as a hot bath after a day in the hunting-field.

In the Embassy the Queen was on British soil and she was no longer, for a brief hour, the guest but the hostess of President Coty and the other guests. It was a fitting prelude to the two especially British events of the Queen's last day in Paris—the laying of a foundation-stone for the new Scots Church in Paris, and the reopening of the Standard Athletic Club in Meudon, where the 600 members of the Club and their wives, together with many other members of the British colony, had a welcome opportunity of meeting the Queen. Meanwhile the Duke of Edinburgh, a much admired and acclaimed figure in all the Queen's appearances in Paris, had been briefly separated from her by a visit to the atomic pile at Saclay, and the Queen went on from Meudon without him to lunch with the French Premier, M. Guy Mollet, and the Foreign Minister, M. Christian Pineau, at the French Government's "Chequers," the Château of La Celle-St. Cloud. Later, Queen and the Duke drove together to Flins, on the c fines of Normandy, along the green and smiling Au route, to visit the immense new Renault automobile wo where she accepted the gift of a new pale-blue Dauphine

So much had been dovetailed into the three-day offi programme that this drive through the spring countrys must have been a welcome interlude for both visit On their return to Paris came the fabulous candleli supper in the Louvre to which I have already bri alluded. The Queen was the guest of the French Repu in an ancient palace which had been the home of the earl French kings. She sat in the historic Salle des Cariati where Mary Queen of Scots was married to the equ ill-fated boy-king François II. Among the Que

AT THE LOUVRE: The Queen, wearing a gown of kingfisher blue faille, with a very full skirt, embroidered with sapphires and diamonds, sits between the President and Madame Monnerville, wife of the President of the Senate. After the banquet, which was given by the French Government, the reception was attended by more than 2,000 guests. As the members of the Royal party made their way through the Louvre they were able to see some of the world-famous art treasures.

neighbours in the lofty and echoing rooms of the Louvre were the famous "Venus de Milo," floodlighted and turning slowly on her pedestal.

So much pageantry, so much popular enthusiasm among all classes of the nation, so many dazzling visions of colour and light, so much to see and to hear and to do might well have exhausted the Queen. Her first day in Paris, the drive from Orly to the Elysée, the first luncheon with President Coty and high officials of the Government, the afternoon drive from the Elysée to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe, followed by her first night at the Paris Opéra, with an enormous crowd outside clamouring for her repeated appearance on the balcony, confessedly overwhelmed her. But to everybody's surprise and admiration the following day saw her fresh and smiling.

The miracle is that until the last moment of this wonderful and devastating visit to Paris the Queen retained her dazzling smile, her youthful freshness and vivacity, her warmth and spontaneity. There has never been anything seen like this week's demonstrations before in Paris, and maybe there never will be again. The union of so many beauties, such superb pageantry, with such a tremendous outburst of human affection is not accomplished more than once in a century. The political outcome for our two nations, and perhaps for others, of this staggering success must be lasting and important.

Paris said good-bye to the Queen and to Prince Philip with even greater warmth than the city had welcomed them. The departure for Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing was made from Le Bourget, north of Paris, and the route from the Elysée lay along the rue Royale, past the Madeleine and the Opéra, through the rue Lafayette and the Gare du Nord, and so out

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M. MOLLET ACCOMPANIES THE QUEEN INTO THE LOUVRE: They are passing through a double row of the Gardes Republicaines while on their way to the banquet. The Queen's tiara is of diamonds and the red sash across her right shoulder is of the Legion of Honour. The banquet, attended by 200 guests, was given by the Government on the last night of the visit. Next day, the Queen and Prince Philip left for Lille and Roubaix.

FRANCE WELCOMES THE QUEEN

(*Concluded from previous page*)

through the commercial and industrial quarters of Paris to the Porte de la Villette, where the great city *abattoirs* lie. It thus gave an opportunity for the busiest and humblest citizens to see the Queen, and their greeting was even more vociferous and friendly than the acclamations of the previous days. The weather was unmistakably colder, but the rain kept off. The Queen's good fortune held to the last day.

In the north the Queen was welcomed informally as a neighbour, and the reception was less ceremonious than in Paris. The northern French are like the northern English—robust, rugged and plain-spoken. The enthusiasm aroused by the Royal visitors was as exuberant and as friendly as that shown in Britain after a victory by a football team playing on its own ground. In Lille, the first halt of the Royal couple, the entrance to the famous Hôtel de Ville was gay with the blossoms of a Japanese cherry tree. The hall and the staircase were literally paved with flowers, chiefly roses. A modern tapestry by the French artist Lurçat was hung over the stairs leading to the Royal apartments. The interior of the Hôtel de Ville had been redecorated for the occasion. After luncheon in the handsome banqueting hall came a medieval touch—four gaily-costumed figurants held a white cloth (symbol of the ancient industry of Flanders) over the head of the Queen while a choir sang the Flemish national hymn. The Queen's table-napkin had been specially woven for the occasion, and was embroidered with the arms of the cities of the north.

In Roubaix, another cloth-manufacturing town with important commercial links with Britain, the Queen and the Prince were welcomed in the great cloth mills of Jean Prouvost. Here they met with an explosion of enthusiasm from thousands of workers and mill girls. In the neighbouring city of Tourcoing the welcome was no less exuberant, and the atmosphere as noisy and friendly as that of a northern English mill town on holiday. All ceremony had been cast aside, and it was on this note of simple and neighbourly affection that the Queen and the Prince left French soil for the flight back to England.

Thus ended a memorable visit, perhaps the most memorable of all the journeys yet made by the Queen. She has left an indelible mark on Anglo-French relations. The visit was an enormous—a prodigious—success. The Queen carried away with her the hearts of a people. Gratitude and admiration are due to the organisers on both sides of the Channel, and particularly to President René Coty, who conceived the magnificent idea of the night voyage on the Seine, and insisted on it in spite of official misgivings. Nobody, not even the Parisians, had any notion how good the idea was, or how beautiful their city looks at night.

THE LAST DAY IN PARIS: The Royal car passes the Place de l'Opéra in Paris as the Queen leaves the city for Le Bourget Airport from where she flew to Lille for a brief visit to that city, and to nearby Roubaix, before leaving for England at the end of her State visit. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were accompanied to the airport by their host, President Coty. At Le Bourget the Royal couple took leave of the President and a group of other French Ministers.

On left—

AT THE WAR MEMORIAL IN LILLE: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are escorted from their car to the war memorial in Lille, where they laid a wreath after their arrival from Paris. On the right is a guard of honour of mounted Spahis. After visiting the Hôtel de Ville, where the Queen heard men and girls in local costume singing a Flanders lullaby, she was offered luncheon by the city.

Below—

THE ROYAL CAR LEAVES ROUBAIX: A guard of honour of French infantry presents arms as Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, leaves the Hôtel de Ville in Roubaix before flying back to London. The Royal visitors had come to Roubaix by road after visiting Lille nearby.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND HIS ROYAL GUESTS IN THE VERSAILLES OPERA HOUSE : The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and President Coty stand in the Presidential box of the newly-restored Opéra originally built for Louis XV by Gabriel, the French architect. The occasion was a presentation of an act from Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes*, which took place after luncheon in the Galérie des Glaces, the noble room overlooking the Le Nôtre terraces of the Palace of Versailles. The theatre was originally inaugurated for the marriage of the Dauphin, later Louis XVI, to Marie-Antoinette but fell into disuse at the end of the nineteenth century.

THE QUEEN AT THE VERSAILLES OPERA

The Scene in the Restored Opera House of Louis XV

The Royal visit to the restored Opéra House of Louis XV in Versailles was the occasion for a performance of an act from Rameau's *divertissement*, *Les Indes Galantes*, a typical *ballet de cour*, which was first produced in 1735 and to-day delightfully recaptures the charm and elegance of that forgotten period. The presentation took the form of a collection of singing, dancing and scenic effects, loosely connected into a whole by a central theme. It was a most apt reinauguration for the theatre which, after all, was built in the first place for a monarch's pleasure. The eighteenth-century charm of the original Opéra was destroyed to a large extent by the heavy hand of nineteenth-century restoration and it eventually fell out of use towards the end of the century. The decision to restore it to its original splendour was taken about five years ago and the task was carried out under the supervision of M. Japy, the architect-in-chief of the Palace, with such care and painstaking attention to detail that to-day it is one of the most beautiful opera houses in the world. The theatre was built by Gabriel and originally inaugurated for the marriage of the Dauphin, later that ill-fated monarch Louis XVI, to Marie-Antoinette. In its restoration even the fabric is as near as possible to the original shades. The huge pale blue silk curtain on the stage has been emblazoned with the Royal arms of France, executed in gold thread. After the performance the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went to the Grand Trianon for a reception by the heads of the Commonwealth missions in France.

THE FINALE TO THE QUEEN'S RIVER CRUISE: Towards the end of the second day of the visit the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were guests of President Coty for a spectacular journey along the river Seine. Both banks of the river were decorated and various floodlit tableaux enacted. On the return journey brilliance was added to the scene by a great display of fireworks which many Parisians watched.

Fireworks Over Paris

ROCKETS SOAR OVER THE SEINE: The sky of Paris was alive with fireworks on the night of April 9, when this great display was put on in honour of the Royal guests, as they and President Coty made their return journey along the Seine. Earlier they had passed floodlit tableaux depicting scenes from French history.

Above and *below*—STRIKING DISPLAYS OVER THE ALEXANDRE III BRIDGE: To the left of the top picture the floodlit Eiffel Tower is visible. Crowds gathered all along the banks of the Seine and especially near the Ile de la Cité, where the floodlit Cathedral of Notre Dame dominated the skyline of Paris.

A Welcome to France

By MAURICE VIGNON

(Agent-General of the French Government Tourist Office in London)

TO write of Her Majesty's visit to France I shall need to adopt the tense that was the paradoxical invention of G. K. Chesterton in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, the "prophetic past," for as I set down these lines the visit is in the future, yet will be in the past by the time they are read.

It needs, in fact, no great gift of prophecy to be able to state that the Queen and Prince Philip have been received with enthusiasm and with warm affection. To know that, one has but to look back to the time of Her Majesty's Coronation, in which event not even the British peoples themselves took a deeper or more sympathetic interest than the French. Recalling this in a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian*, a contributor added to the account of his experiences in Paris at the time, "I almost began to wonder whose Queen she was." To quote Pierre Daninos, "the Frenchman is a Republican on Sundays and adores the queen of England for the rest of the week."

This interest in, and admiration for, the Royal Family has now lasted for almost exactly a century. Until a hundred years ago, no reigning monarch from across the Channel had set foot in the French capital since Henry VI of England was crowned in Paris, and none crossed to France at all between the time that Henry VIII was the guest of Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520 and the arrival in 1843 of the young Queen Victoria to spend an informal holiday at Eu with King Louis-Philippe. It was Queen Victoria's State visit to Paris in 1855 that really broke the ice between the two countries.

From the moment that her new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, came alongside the pier at Boulogne and 40,000 soldiers, brilliant in scarlet, blue and gold, with swords and sword-bayonets flashing in the sun, filled the heavens with the noise of the discharge of their firearms, to the time when, a week later, her departure ended what she herself described as "some of the happiest days of my life," the visit was a triumphal success.

Succeeding generations of the Royal Family have had occasion to echo the words of Queen Victoria's diary, written of the moment when the Royal procession turned into the Boulevard de Strasbourg and came within sight of the new station from which she, her husband and her two eldest children were to leave for home: "Alas, it was our last sight of that gay, brilliant town where we have been so kindly received and for which I shall ever have an affectionate feeling."

Only once thereafter did it for a moment seem as if a Royal visit would fail to give the usual deep mutual satisfaction. King Edward VII who, as the little boy of the State visit of 1855 had attracted the Emperor's most kindly attention, paid an official visit as a reigning monarch himself, forty-eight years later. It was soon after the Boer War; in many quarters in France feeling ran high against Great Britain. His first reception was coldly polite, but before his short stay was over, the sincerity, dignity and charm that remain characteristic of the Royal Family had once again won the hearts of the French people, who ended by cheering themselves hoarse. There has not been the smallest cloud upon any subsequent journey to France of any of the Royal Family.

This warmth of feeling for British Royalty is due very largely indeed to admiration for their personal qualities, but there is in it also an appreciation of the British peoples for whom their monarch is so fitting a symbol.

A VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER: From left to right crossing the Seine are the Pont de l'Alma, the Pont des Invalides, the Pont d'Alexandre III and the Pont de la Concorde. In the centre of the picture is the Grand Palais with the Place de la Concorde on the right. On the left, at the end of the Pont de l'Alma, the tree-lined Avenue Montaigne runs diagonally upwards to the Rond Point des Champs Elysées. Far background is the white Eglise du Sacré Cœur.

The time of *les milords anglais* who distributed golden sovereigns with unstinting hands belongs now to legend, but it is certainly true that no foreign visitors are more welcome in France than their far less wealthy successors. Ask any French hotelier and I am sure, as far as it is ever safe to generalise, his answer will be that in overwhelming proportion his British guests are predictable in their demands, gentlemanly in behaviour and appreciative of efforts to please them; although they may spend less in extras than some others, they are the most agreeable of all to have. The few exceptions merely serve to underline the truth of this opinion, which I think is shared by all who meet British visitors.

In what ways are visits to France particularly rewarding to the British? Very largely the great variety of scene and climate provides the principal attraction, and I do not need to enlarge upon that aspect. One of the features of France that I find appeals most to the British is the delight in discussion of the widest range of subjects. It permeates every social class. The standard of conversation and argument in the most humble café can often be extraordinarily high and the diversity of interests no less remarkable. If you have any command of the language at all, or if you are with English-speaking French people, you will have no difficulty in discovering what the French viewpoint is on any subject under the sun.

Lack of restrictions is a feature that the British visitor seems to find most agreeable. To be able to shop at almost any hour, to be welcomed to meals early or late, to be able within the broadest limits to do what one likes when one likes, greatly help to make a holiday fully enjoyable. In these very complicated times no highly organised country can entirely adopt the Abbey of Thelema motto of "Do as you please," but France comes as near as possible to it.

The visitor sees little of the technical achievement of France, but one aspect must come pleasurably before his eyes—post-war rebuilding. Nearly all the war-ravaged towns are rebuilt, usually in an adaptation of traditional provincial architecture. They are light and gay, so obviously built to last, so well designed, so individual, that to visit the once war-torn villages and towns has become a pleasant, encouraging experience.

In the protection and preservation of old buildings, France leads the world. The Cathedral of Rouen, so nearly a total loss, has been rebuilt with loving care. The vast acreage of the Palace of Versailles has been reroofed. In the châteaux of Compiègne and La Malmaison you will see rooms redecorated with meticulous accuracy in the same materials, patterns and colours as in their historic hey-day. Everywhere the past is treated with knowledge and respect.

Extremely conservative, yet ever creative, very hard-working, yet ever gay, a country supremely agricultural, yet a great industrial power, France is a paradoxical land to British eyes, and that in itself makes it full of interest to the visitor. Of all the many things that have been said to me over the years about my country, some flattering and some less so, I cannot remember any Briton's complaint of having been bored in France.

A PROUD FRENCH INDUSTRY

The French Motor Industry—a Sheet-Anchor of the National Economy—has Established Itself as the World's Fourth Largest Exporter of Motor Vehicles

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE French motor industry has a right to be proud of its production and export achievements since the war. It has been a sheet-anchor of the national economy. Success has not come as the result of a cautious, careful, conservative approach to the problems of design, production and salesmanship. On the contrary, French automobile engineers have shown a lively ingenuity. Their enterprise is reflected in the popularity—in many different countries—of cars like the Renault 750 and the later Dauphine; the Simca Aronde; the Citroen 2CV and DS 19; and the Peugeot range.

There is something about most French cars which faithfully reflects the personality of the people who build them. There is a chic, a vivacity—yes, and sometimes a touch of the unpredictable—which singles out the cars of France and distinguishes them from the products of other nations.

The fact of which France is most proud, as far as the achievements of her car industry are concerned, is that in spite of its production costs being relatively higher than those of motor firms in other countries, the French industry has established itself as the world's fourth largest exporter of motor vehicles.

The industry's expansion since the war has been fantastic. Take a look at these figures. . . . In 1956 France built 827,032 motor vehicles—a record. Of the total 662,636 were cars—another record. The number of vehicles exported was 176,625. That is 13,944 more than in 1955. Car exports last year were 151,436, compared with 132,859 in 1955.

See how the figures have soared:

PRODUCTION

	Total Vehicles	*Cars*
1954	600,040	444,242
1955	725,061	561,465
1956	827,032	662,636

EXPORTS

	Total Vehicles	*Cars*
1954	131,570	100,983
1955	162,681	132,859
1956	176,625	151,436

In 1955 France's share of world car exports was 11.9 per cent. In the first half of 1956—my figures carry me no farther—France's share rose to 12.6 per cent. How is it that France, a country beset by recurring political crises, has been able to increase her motor production to four times its pre-war volume? How do you explain the fact that she was able to build—and sell—5½ times more cars in 1955 than in 1948?

One reason, I think, is the industry's concentration on small cars. There is no doubt that the rear-engined, 750 c.c. baby Renault has filled a badly felt need in a post-war motoring world dominated by the high cost of petrol. And Citroen, with their "ugly duckling" 2CV model, went still farther along the road towards basic motoring. Here we have a stark design which many people laughed to scorn when it first came out. But it was accepted—first by the agricultural community, later by people in the towns and cities—as a simple means of transportation offered at an initial price and with an economy of operation they could afford.

This French preoccupation with small cars is not limited to the actual babies. Of the 420,000 French cars sold in France in 1955 only 21 per cent. had engines bigger than 1½ litres (or 1,500 c.c.). None of them had a higher rating than 2½ litres. As far as I have been able to check, the biggest production engine being made in France to-day is the 2.3-litre V-8 unit of the Simca Vedette.

Compare the small percentage of cars between 1½ and 2½ litres sold in France in 1955 with the rest. Of the total, 43.5 per cent. were under 1 litre (mainly Renaults and Citroens); and 35.5 per cent. were between 1 and 1½ litres (cars like the Aronde and Peugeot). You can put it this way, too: as far as 1955 production was concerned 44 per cent. of all cars built were in the under-1-litre group; 35 per cent. in the 1- to 1½-litre category. So the French car firms weren't making bigger cars for export, either.

Another reason for the French motor industry's success is the country's size and population. It is the biggest country in Western Europe, with a population of 43,000,000 and considerable overseas possessions in which are sold a large proportion of the cars the country sends abroad.

France has 410,000 miles of roads—and a traditional taste for motoring as a means of getting from A to B on business or pleasure. But the average income per head of population in France is low by European standards. The people would not have been able to afford cars had the industry not concentrated on building models small enough and cheap enough for them to acquire and keep going. Even so, they have to make the family jalopy last very much longer than in most countries. There are now getting on for 3,000,000 cars in use in France—and according to one estimate, most of them will have had a working life of more than twenty years, on average, before they are finally consigned to the scrap heap.

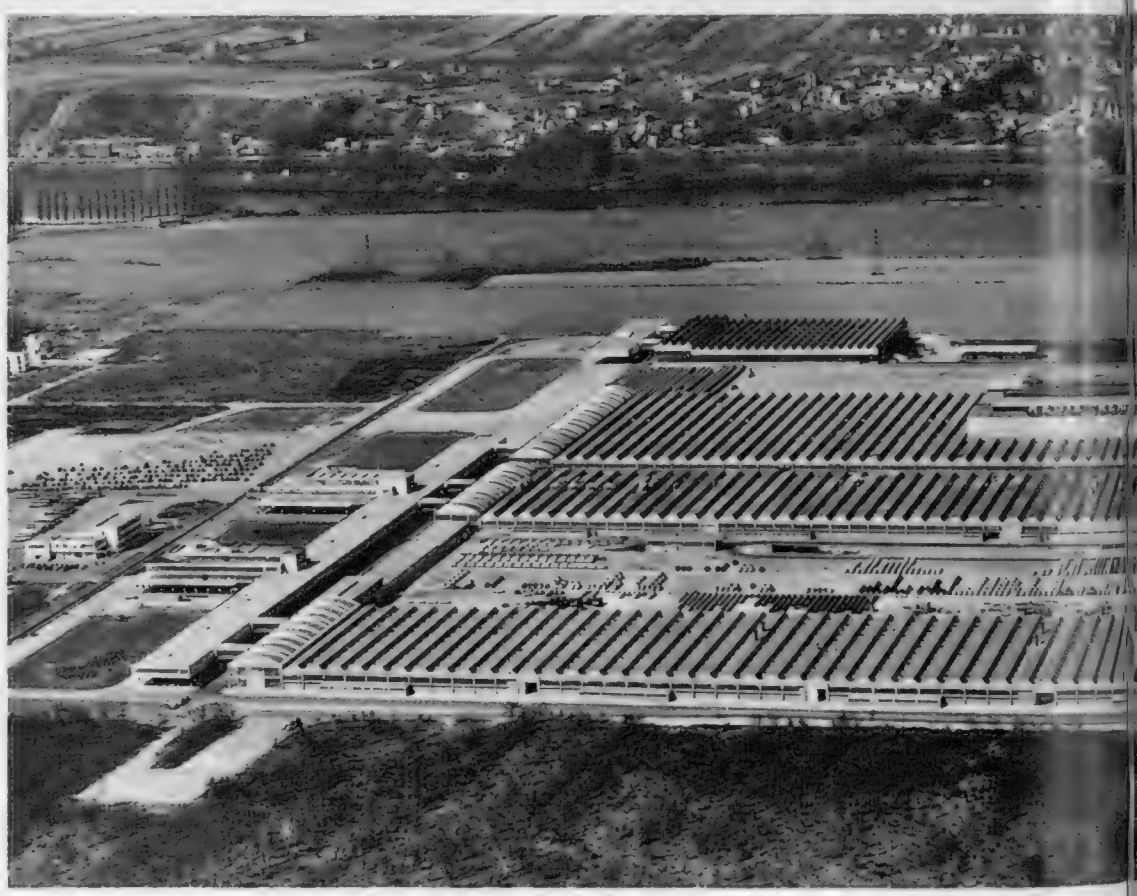
According to Mr. Laurence Pomeroy, Technical Editor of *The Motor*, one Frenchman in every seventeen owns a motor vehicle, and such is the extent of the road system there are only six private cars per mile. In an admirable paper he read before the Society of Automotive Engineers in Detroit earlier this year Mr. Pomeroy made the point that 700,000 of the cars registered in France—about one in three—are concentrated upon the 15,000 miles of road adjacent to Paris. This, he says, gives a traffic density in this area of forty-seven cars per mile (compared with six per mile for France as a whole).

The French motor industry is dominated by the "Big Four"—Renault, Simca, Citroen and Peugeot. Between them they have a range of only about ten basic models—fewer than are marketed by Britain's "Big Five" or America's "Big Three." And between them, the French automobile quartet build 99 per cent. of all the passenger cars produced in France. (I quote this figure from *Motor Business*, an analysis published last December by *The Economist* Intelligence Unit.) This is what France's "Big Four" car production looked like in 1955:

Renault	176,260 (31.5 per cent.)
Simca	150,023 (26.8 per cent.)
Citroen	141,731 (25.3 per cent.)
Peugeot	92,086 (16.4 per cent.)

Renault, the biggest car builder of them all, was nationalised in 1944. But it 's a special kind of nationalisation. The dead hand of national ownership does not rest clammily upon the Renault organisation in the way it is understood in Britain. It retains most of the characteristics of a private enterprise company. It is financially autonomous and receives neither subsidies nor loans from the Government. On the other hand, it is in the advantageous position of controlling many of the firms who supply it with what are known in the industry as "bought out" components.

The French Ford Company and Simca (which started life building Fiat models under licence) merged in 1954; and this rationalisation process went a stage further a year later when Citroen and Panhard completed a financial and technical agreement under which their sales organisations were merged.



On right—

THE RENAULT PLANT AT FLINS: The Queen saw one of Europe's most spectacular examples of automation in industry when she visited this factory on Wednesday of last week; 5,500 workers produce cars at the rate of 700 a day.

A PRODUCTION LINE OF RENAULT DAUPHINES: The Renault Company, nationalised after the last war, claims to have automatic processes far in advance of this country. One transfer line, 35 yards long and equipped with 150 tools, is attended by only two men. The plant at Flins has four lines working like this.

THE PEUGEOT 403: This new car is "one size larger" than the popular model 203. There is accommodation for five or six people and plenty of room in the boot for family luggage.

FRANCE'S CAR MANUFACTURERS AGREE TO STEP UP EXPORTS : Shown here is a recent meeting in Paris between M. Paul Ramadier (bearded, on left), the Minister of Finance, and M. Maurice Lemaire, the Secretary of State for Industry, and the chiefs of five leading car manufacturing firms. They included M. Pierre Dreyfus (Renault), M. Pierre Bercot (Citroen), M. Henri Pigozzi (Simca), M. Jean-Pierre Peugeot and M. Jean Panhard. It was agreed to try to export 190,000 cars during this year.

Simca's main selling number is the shapely Aronde, a conventional car of 1,290 c.c. with, as their petrol economy advertisements tell us, "the appetite of a little bird." But now the Detroit-inspired car with the distinctive V-8 engine we used to know as the Ford Vedette is now the Simca Vedette, with the Versailles as its most popular model.

The Panhard, latest product of one of France's oldest car firms, is an outstanding example of the Frenchman's originality of design thought. It has an air-cooled flat twin engine of only 850 c.c., with front-wheel drive, and although it is a biggish saloon, it is of lightweight construction and has a surprising performance.

But the leading French design to-day in point of originality and courage is undoubtedly the Citroen DS 19, with its amazing system of oleo-pneumatic suspension which gives independent springing all round and automatically keeps the car on an even keel no matter what the load front or back. Clutch and gear-box are hydraulically operated as well as the brakes and steering. The car has front-wheel drive, of course, and there are disc brakes at the front. A car very much ahead of its time, of course, and Citroen have had to bring out a simpler and cheaper supplementary edition, with ordinary clutch and gear-box.

The Renault Company may have a more down-to-earth commercial policy, but they showed great courage in going all out for the rear-engine formula which proved so successful in the 750 and later in the Dauphine.

CITROEN DS 19 PRODUCTION : This is France's most original product—it has independent springing all round and is available with hydraulic controls. *On right*—THE SIMCA VEDETTE : The French Ford Company and Simca merged in 1954, but this car still has the V-8 engine.

THE VARIED FACES OF FRANCE

A Holiday Land of Infinite Variety

By GORDON COOPER

FRANCE is so varied that it defies any short description. To many of us it is the loveliest land in Europe, and, undoubtedly, variety is the keynote of her attraction: variety of climate, of scenery, and of life. There is something here for everyone, whatever be their tastes or wishes. Indeed, so great is the variety of France for a holiday that the trouble is often to know just what to choose.

Within its borders the perpetual snows of the mountains contrast with the almost non-ending summer along the Mediterranean shores, the arid gorges of the southern plateau with the green and rolling landscape of dairy-farming Normandy, and the age-old traditions in the remoter provinces with the modernity of Paris.

A few words about Paris. The wide, imposing avenues, tree-bordered; the tortuous streets of the old town; the grace and beauty of the ancient buildings which have been the backcloth to much of the drama of European history; the light, the animation, the gaiety; all these help to make Paris the capital of capitals. There is more than this to Paris, however, as every visitor is bound to feel; just to be there, to walk along the banks of the Seine and catch some new vista at almost every step, to absorb the atmosphere of the city which moulds the arts and fashions of to-morrow, invigorates the mind of the most casual.

Around Paris is the " Ile de France," a green countryside set with forests and studded with historic palaces: Versailles, Fontainebleau, Chantilly, Compiègne, St.-Germain. A wonderful holiday could be spent just in this area. Away to the north is industrial France, many of whose towns have been twice destroyed within a generation, but many picturesque old houses and belfries still remain. Along the Channel coast the ports suffered heavily, but they have now recovered, as is the case also with the little seaside resorts, many of which have excellent sands. Le Touquet is, of course, a great favourite with the British. Westwards along the coast is Normandy, apple orchards, green fields, fat cattle and wonderful cheeses. Deauville, resort of international fashion and sport, welcomes the summer visitor, but to many this province is also a place of pilgrimage. Little ports unknown to history since the time of the Norman invasion of England have names now familiar to a world which remembers the landings of 1944. Between Normandy and Brittany is the Mont-Saint-Michel, the " Marvel of the West," one of the most remarkable monumental buildings in Europe. Westwards from Saint-Malo and Dinard, the wild and rocky coast of Brittany thrusts out into the ocean, a land clinging to ancient language and ancient customs. It holds vivid memories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, of settlement by Celtic-speaking Britons from Cornwall in the fifth century, and of English invading armies in the Middle Ages; to the more prosaic, the endless golden sands for happy seaside holidays have an appeal no less great.

The coast turns southwards at this point. In the hinterland runs the River Loire, along whose valley are the many *châteaux* of differing ages and design which mirror the growth of Western civilisation. Further southwards is the mouth of the Gironde; upstream lies the great city of Bordeaux, and the world-famed vineyards. The coastline goes on past Arcachon and its almost land-locked bay, and the great pine-forest, to the Basque country, to Biarritz, one of France's most fashionable resorts, to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and to the Spanish frontier.

From the Atlantic, a magnificent road runs right across the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean, to Carcassonne, unique walled city, and on to all the memories evoked by Arles and Nîmes of the glory that was Rome, and the troubled history of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. Then, by way of Aix-en-Provence through the Riviera to Menton, Cannes and Nice and half-a-hundred resorts hardly less celebrated.

Northwards now, either up the valley of the Rhône through silk-producing Lyons and the vineyards of historic Burgundy, or up past the winter sports and summer resorts of the Alps where Mont-Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, dominates the other Alpine giants. Further north are the wooded Jura and Vosges mountains; to the east, the plain of Alsace, where quiet vineyards contrast with active industry. There remains the central plateau of volcanic cones, smiling valleys, great chestnut forests. This is the country of Vichy and other equally celebrated spas whose waters can alleviate so many ills. On the western side are those incredible caves, including Lascaux, whose walls are covered with pictures which are at least 20,000 years old, yet fresh as if painted yesterday.

Everywhere are to be found the cathedrals, abbeys, churches, which are perhaps France's greatest treasure; their beauty, grace, and proportion, uplift the spirits of all who see them. A map will show you how the rivers run down from the great mountains; sometimes they are awe-inspiring torrents, sometimes slow and majestic streams; always they run through a countryside of endless variety. But the map cannot show how in a hundred ways, in the present no less than in the past, the arts are a real part of the life of the people everywhere.

Such then is my image of France. Every traveller must, in fact, make his own discoveries in this inexhaustible treasure land. Its secrets are not to be found in any travel guide-book. They must be ferreted out by persons with curious and sympathetic minds. Everyone has his personal memories. Mine include the delightful and happy priest, with the patience of a modern Job, whose vocation was to educate youngsters who were *blind, deaf and dumb* in an institution at Poitiers; the morning spent helping a peasant in Touraine to collect snails, after which we adjourned to his simple home to drink a superb bottle of local wine; and listening to exciting smuggling tales in a Basque inn related by the village's chief smuggler—the mayor.

In this brief survey, my practical advice regarding holidays in France must be restricted to three important subjects: transportation, gastronomy, and present-day prices.

Getting to Paris by air still takes 3½ hours between terminal and terminal, as it did in 1937 —twenty years ago. The minutes which have been clipped off the time spent in the air have

THE CHATEAU D'O, NEAR MORTREE, NORMANDY: This château, built in the exquisite architectural style of the François period, lies near the little village of Mortrée, three-and-a-half miles from Almenèches.

LOOKING WEST ALONG THE QUAI DES ETATS-UNIS, NICE: This Riviera resort is the chief town of the department of the Alpes-Maritimes. Magnificently situated on the Baie des Anges, at the mouth of the Paillon, it is backed by a crescent of hills beyond which rises a receding amphitheatre of impressive mountains. It is an admirable centre from which to explore the Côte d'Azur as a whole.

IN THE JURA MOUNTAINS: The mai
Switzerland in the department
of hills are Pontarlier and th

been swallowed up in the journeys to and from the airports. For myself, I delight in travelling by the far too little-known Southampton-Havre route, with its attractive rail journey along the enchanting Seine Valley that brings you right into the heart of Paris, at the Gare St. Lazare, where, as E. V. Lucas once wrote, "one is always taken afresh by the variegated and vivid activity of it all." Worth noting, too, for the leisurely traveller is the pleasant experience of the sea trip between Plymouth and Havre (or Havre-Southampton) by the giant liners of the French Line. This line, too, maintains the sea services linking Marseilles and Nice with Corsica, the "Scented Isle" and an admirable place for a different kind of French holiday.

The French Railways are unexcelled in Europe for speed, comfort, cleanliness and punctuality. It is a pleasure to travel on their incredibly fast main expresses, not least because of the fine meals served in their dining-cars, and to me this kind of journey is not least of the joys of a holiday in France. Motorists should be reminded that they can now take their cars overnight by rail between Boulogne and Lyons, thus eliminating a long road journey, should their destination be Southern France. For night travellers, there is constantly increasing provision of improved sleeping-car and couchette accommodation. The latter certainly adds considerably to the comfort of those who have to consider expense.

The motorist will be delighted with the state of the roads, which are almost always in excellent condition. If he is wise, however, he will plan his itinerary away from the main national highways, for these are usually densely thronged with traffic, including many heavy lorries. I suggest, too, that the centre of Paris is best avoided for driving, for conditions there, except for the experienced Frenchman, appear chaotic.

Turning now to the attractive subject of French gastronomy, the wandering epicure, with due respect to other lands, cannot but agree with Laurence Sterne that they "order this matter better in France." The tourist on a well-earned holiday can, in fact, indulge himself in a variety of foods, wines and *apéritifs*, greater than those of any other European countries.

The experienced traveller hardly needs any advice on the subject of food and wine, but for the non-initiated who wish to take their eating and drinking seriously, here are a few hints.

THE WALLS AND TURRETS OF CARCASSONNE: This medieval walled city, which is to-day the chief town of the department of Aude, is renowned for its Cité, a fine example of medieval fortification. It consists of two rows of ramparts with its own castle and church, which once formed the core of the fortifications.

Bordeaux and Lyons are generally recognised as being the homes of French gastronomy; and each year the Bordeaux "Foires" are mainly centred round the tasting of their regional wines. Again, every year, towns like Chinon (on the Loire), Colmar, Arbois (Jura) and Mâcon hold wine-tasting weeks, when all the surrounding wines are exhibited in one centre, thus saving the tourist days of valuable time if he wishes to make a study of any particular wine.

France's much-vaunted "regional" dishes are still truly regional in so much as they are often confined to certain limited localities. Rillettes de Tours, for example, is nicest along the Loire, and makes a delicious first course: it consists of finely chopped, salty pork pounded with butter.

Along the Côte d'Or (Burgundy) try Burgundian snails which have gorged themselves in the vineyards until they come to your table cooked in garlic and butter. One piece of advice: although snails are quoted by the dozen on the menus of most restaurants, you will be willingly served with six only, and I would advise this as being the ideal number for a start. Even though you might not care much for them at first time of eating, they still deserve a second trial.

From Périgord (home of the truffle) comes the best *pâté maison* of all—namely, that of turkey flavoured with truffles and cooked with a little brandy. In Alsace, try Rhine trout cooked in white Alsatian wine; in Brittany, rum pancakes; and in the south, close to the Spanish border, anchovies, which are deliciously fresh and not too salty.

About wines: do not try to drink a great wine at every meal, however rich you may be or however tempting is the wine-list; for should you do so you will, after a couple of days, wonder why your palate has disappeared. Worth keeping in mind is the fact that local "open" wines are often excellent, besides being reasonable in price, even though they may be quite unknown outside their own districts.

The gastronome in France is greatly helped in his choice of restaurants in which to eat by two excellent publications issued annually: the *Michelin Guide* and the lesser-known *Guide des Touristes Gastronomes*, published by Kléber-Colombes. The former is on sale at most good booksellers, but the latter is more difficult to find; Hachette's (127, Regent Street, W.1), however, stock it (18s. 3d., post free).

With the *Michelin Guide*, it is best to choose a one-starred establishment for proper satisfaction, while, of course, the rarer two-stars are better still. In the case of the Kléber-Colombes no attempt is made to rate its restaurants according to their quality, and you must draw your own conclusions from the paragraph describing each recommendation. While you do not necessarily have to consult either of these publications, I have found their nets are now so wide that few eating-places of distinction escape their mesh. For those with light purses, I can commend those cafés, often of humble outward appearance, which bear the signs of *Les Routiers* and the T.C.F. (Touring-Club de France). Incidentally, French lorry-drivers (*les routiers*) have exacting gastronomical tastes. Another useful tip is to consult a local priest, for in many cases you will find he is usually a gourmet.

Finally, a few remarks about the cost of a holiday in France. Undoubtedly, its alleged expensiveness has deterred quite a number of potential holidaymakers going there. Undoubtedly, too, it can be very expensive if you wish to stay in fashionable hotels in holiday resorts, and eat at famous restaurants. It is important, however, for the more modest traveller to bear in mind that while there is always the *opportunity* to spend large sums of money on enjoyment, there is not the *need* to do so. The intelligent traveller must, in fact, take a balanced view on the matter. Think, for instance, of the many wonderful delights of France which cost nothing or next to nothing, and then compare them with the often rather arid pleasures to be found in the so-called "cheap" countries. Anyhow, how you spend your time and money is largely a matter of individual taste.

Keep in mind, also, that under present regulations you can take up to £100-worth of French francs out of Britain. These can be purchased from any bank here at a rate of exchange of over 1,100 frs. to the pound sterling. This gives you a useful bonus over the official rate of exchange for travellers' cheques—about 970 frs. to the pound.

ranges of these mountains lie between the Rhine and the Rhône valleys, forming the frontier between France and of Doubs, Jura and Ain and the cantons of Berne, Neuchatel and Vaud. The principal passes through the barrier Col de la Faucille. Among the limestone mountains are to be found stalactite caverns and underground rivers.

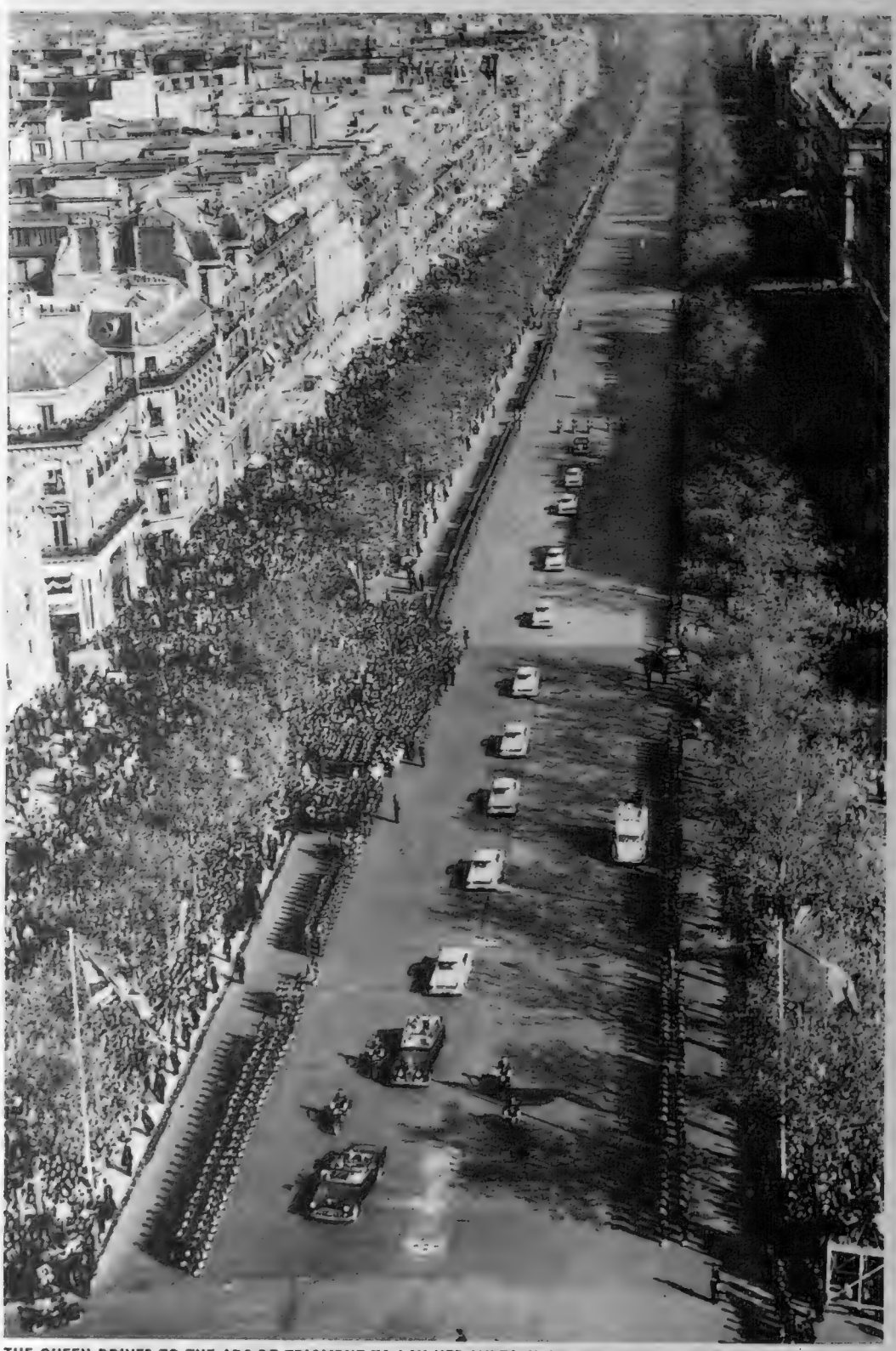
Paris Incidents

In the Champs Elysées and at the Opera

On right—

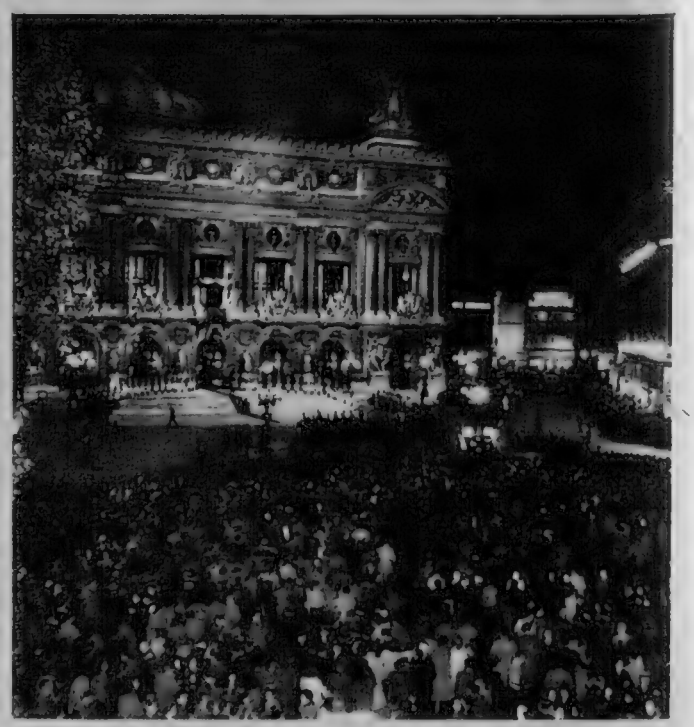
A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN AS SHE DRIVES THROUGH PARIS: Thirteen-year-old Veronique Chadenet drops a deep curtsy to the Queen before presenting a bouquet on behalf of the Champs Elysées storekeepers. The Queen, accompanied in the car by M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the French Minister of Defence, was on her way back to the Elysée Palace after laying a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. In the background is a section of the vast crowd which lined the Avenue for the procession. Earlier in the day the Queen had received another bouquet at Orly Airport. It was presented by Brigitte Cot, daughter of the airport's director, following the Queen's arrival from London.

AT THE OPERA: Michel Renault and Liane Daydé, the principal dancers of the modern French ballet, *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle*, are presented to the Queen at the gala performance.



THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE TO LAY HER WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Vast crowds congregate along the tree-lined Avenue des Champs Elysées to watch the Queen's car lead the procession from the Elysée Palace. Prince Philip is riding in the second of the two open cars.

PARIS TURNS OUT TO WELCOME THE QUEEN: The camera looks down on a section of the great crowd along the Champs Elysées. Many others look out from the windows of the buildings.



OUTSIDE THE OPERA: People wait outside the building to watch the arrival of the Royal party. During the interval the Queen, Prince Philip and the President appeared on the balcony.

THE SPLENDID SCENE AT THE STATE BANQUET IN THE ELYSEE PALACE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE STATE VISIT TO PARIS : The Queen, with President Coty on her left, is seen making her speech to more than 200 guests who include members of the French Government, the Diplomatic Corps, senior officers of the armed forces, and representatives of the Paris Municipal Council. Prince Philip is hidden by President Coty. The Queen's speech was in reply to one made by President Coty. This was the first of the many outstandingly spectacular occasions of the State visit and immediately preceded the gala performance at the Opera.

SPLENDOUR AT THE ELYSEE

President Coty Entertains The Queen and Prince Philip

The State banquet given in honour of the Queen and Prince Philip by President Coty in the Salle des Fêtes, at the Elysée Palace, came towards the close of the first day of the Royal visit to Paris, after the reception of the heads of the diplomatic missions. It was a spectacular occasion, with the Queen sitting on the right of the President and the Prince on his left. There were more than 200 guests and they dined at a horseshoe-shaped table set beneath crystal chandeliers. In their speeches both the Queen and the President spoke of the historic basis of the Entente Cordiale, Her Majesty referring to the alliance as an essential link uniting the nations of the old world who, in the future, may be able to carry out work as fruitful as in the past. When she began her speech, the Queen, who spoke in French, said that both she and the Prince had been profoundly moved " by the warmth of your welcome." " Our emotion," she said, " will be shared with all my people. In greeting us you are greeting them, and this great manifestation of sympathy and affection will be returned by them in full measure." Both the President and the Queen referred to the previous visit of the Royal couple nine years ago, which had been the first visit Her Majesty and the Prince had made together outside Britain. At the banquet the Queen wore a dress of ivory satin, embroidered on bodice and skirt with pearls, topaz and gold to represent the flowers of the fields of France. Across her right shoulder was the sash of the Legion of Honour. Prince Philip also wore the same decoration, which he had received from the President earlier in the day.

THE QUEEN LEAVES THE OPERA AFTER A GALA PERFORMANCE : Accompanied by President René Coty, Her Majesty leaves the Opera after a State performance of *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle*, a modern French ballet. Large crowds had greeted the Queen when she entered earlier for the performance.

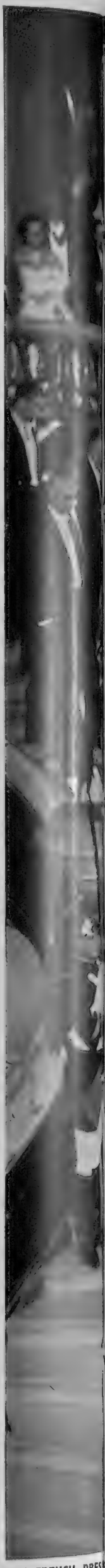
GALA AT THE PARIS OPERA

The Queen and Prince Philip Attend a State Performance

For the occasion of the gala performance in honour of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the vast ornate foyers and balconies of Louis-Napoleon's Opera House were at their best, forming a rich background to a triumphal scene. After the banquet at the Elysée Palace, President Coty and his guests drove to the Opera by way of the Place de la Concorde to attend the State performance of *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle*, a modern French ballet, with choreography by M. Serge Lifar and music by Philippe Gaubert, based on a medieval legend about a princess turned into a doe. During the main interval the Queen and the Duke, accompanied by President Coty, came out on to the balcony to wave to the patient crowd filling the huge square outside. Tens of thousands of Parisians were massed almost all the way down to the Louvre. The same crowd had cheered the Royal guests when they entered the Opera. When, an hour later, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left at the end of the performance to return to the Elysée Palace where they are staying during their visit, the crowds were still there.

AT THE STATE BANQUET IN THE ELYSEE PALACE : Speaking in French, the Queen addresses the company at the State banquet given by President Coty. Her Majesty dwelt on the historical basis of the Entente Cordiale in her speech.

WITH PRESIDENT COTY AT THE OPERA : The Queen smiles at the applauding audience as President Coty helps her into her chair. Later, during the interval, the two principal dancers were presented to the Queen.



THE FRENCH PRES
Behind Her
the Elysée P

NT AND HIS ROYAL GUESTS LEAVE THE OPERA : President Coty accompanies the Queen down the ornate main staircase of the Opera House at the end of the gala performance. sty, the Duke of Edinburgh walks with other French notabilities. On their way to the performance the Royal couple and their host had driven through packed streets from e by way of the great open space of the Place de la Concorde. Huge crowds lined the length of the route and were massed in large numbers in front of the Opera.

LAYING THE WREATH NEAR THE ETERNAL FLAME: Non-commissioned officers of the three Services lay the Queen's wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. Afterwards Her Majesty and the Duke stood gravely while the colours were dipped and the music of "Aux Morts" rang out under the arch. The solemn moment over, the band broke into "Tipperary," and the Royal couple, accompanied by Marshal Juin and the Minister of Defence, M. Bourgès-Maunoury, went to sign the distinguished visitors' book. Later, the Queen spoke to several of the ex-Servicemen who were gathered round the foot of the arch with their banners for the ceremony. Returning to their procession of cars, the Queen and the Duke drove away down the Avenue to the Elysée, where they received the heads of the diplomatic missions in Paris.

At the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

The Queen and the Duke Lay a Wreath at the Arc de Triomphe

COMMEMORATING THE WAR DEAD OF FRANCE: The Duke of Edinburgh salutes as the music of "Aux Morts" is played after the Royal wreath has been laid. On the right are members of British military missions in France.

SIGNING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: The Queen signs the book commemorating the visit of distinguished visitors. Behind her General Henri Zeller, Military Governor of Paris, explains the procedure to the Duke.

The News in Pictures

THE RE-ENACTMENT OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MARRIAGE: To mark the beginning of the Jamestown Festival in Virginia, which celebrates the 350th anniversary of the establishment of the first permanent British settlement in America, the marriage of Pocahontas, the Indian Princess, and John Rolfe is re-enacted in Jamestown. The marriage originally took place in the year 1614 and Pocahontas later died in this country.

"MAYFLOWER II" TAKES ON STORES: Crates of provisions and other stores are loaded on to the replica of the *Mayflower* from a lighter off Brixham, Devon. The vessel was recently launched at Brixham and was due to sail from Devon to the United States as a goodwill gesture on April 15.

VINTAGE CARS LEAVE FOR AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RALLY: A team of British vintage cars set off from Horse Guards Parade on a journey to the United States to challenge the old cars of that country. The British team, formed from ten of Britain's finest vintage cars, will be defending the title they won in 1954.

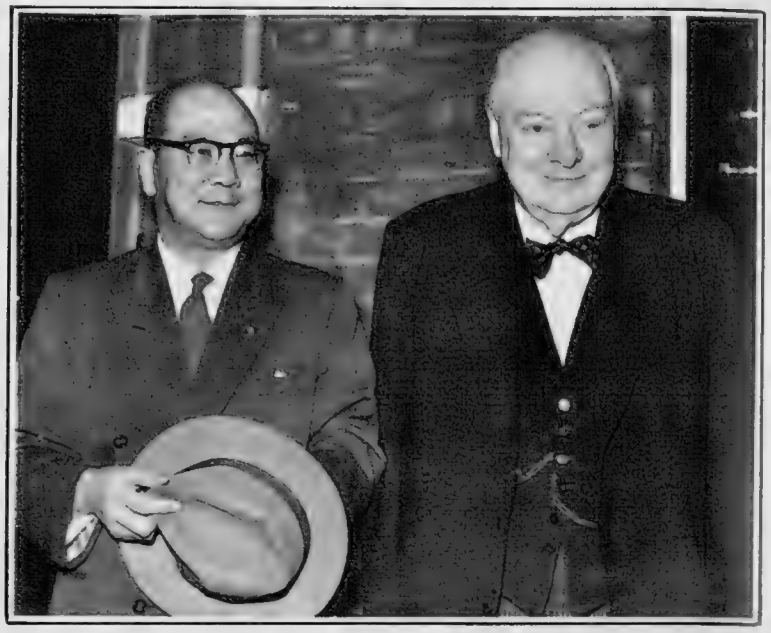
THE U.S. MARINE COMMANDANT IN ENGLAND: General Randolph Pate, Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps (wearing glasses), stands with Major-General J. L. Moulton, R.M., at a parade at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.

A PASSING-OUT PARADE AT CRANWELL: The Rt. Hon. George Ward, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, inspects cadets at a passing-out parade at Cranwell accompanied by the parade commander, Senior Under-Officer P. C. Little, a New Zealander. The parade was the culmination of three years' training undergone at the College by the thirty-one flight cadets comprising No. 69 entry.

COUNTY CRICKET CAPTAINS MEET AT LORD'S: From left to right are P. B. H. May, Surrey and England; W. Wooller, Glamorgan; E. D. R. Eagar, Hampshire; G. H. Emmett, Gloucestershire; C. Washbrook, Lancashire; D. Brookes, Northants; M. F. Tremlett, Somerset; and D. J. Insole, Essex. Together with other first-class cricket captains, they met at Lord's to have lunch and to discuss the new proposals for brighter cricket.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ANNUAL COMMEMORATION OF JOHN STOW AT THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT : The Lord Mayor, Sir Cullum Welch, is seen placing a new quill into the hand of John Stow's marble effigy—a traditional homage from London's first citizen to the man who brought out the great *Survey of London* in 1589. Stow died in 1605 and the monument was erected by his widow. The annual commemoration service is held under the auspices of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society and, as well as the Lord Mayor, it is attended by Aldermen.



A VISITOR TO SIR WINSTON : Dr. Matsushita, the Japanese envoy, who has come to London to appeal for the suspension of the British hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific, calls on Sir Winston Churchill. Their conversation lasted for about half an hour. It was pointed out later by Dr. Matsushita that Sir Winston had made it clear that he was in complete agreement with the British Government's policy on nuclear weapons.

On right—

SIR ANTHONY EDEN ARRIVES IN BOSTON ON HIS WAY TO HOSPITAL : He is leaving the Royal Canadian Air Force plane in which he had completed the last lap of his long journey from New Zealand. Sir Anthony went direct to the Lahey Clinic of the New England Baptist Hospital, where it was stated that he might need another operation. This would be his fourth for the gall bladder condition. His return to the hospital had been made necessary "because of attacks of fever of increasing frequency and severity."

A FAREWELL LUNCHEON TO ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF AIR RADIO : Captain J. M. Furnival (on right) is entertained at a luncheon on the occasion of his retirement from the position of general manager of Marconi Instruments Ltd. From the left are Sir George Nelson, chairman of the English Electric group of companies, who presided at the farewell luncheon ; Mr. P. Horsfall, Director of Marconi, and Sir John Salmond.

"ARCHITECTURE IN FINLAND" : The Finnish Ambassador, Sakari Severi Tuomioja, and Professor J. Leslie Martin, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, tour the Exhibition of Architecture in Finland which had just been opened at the Institute in London. They are looking at a design in roof trusses by Alvar Aalto, of Finland, who has been presented with the Institute's Royal gold medal.

A DEMONSTRATION AT FULWELL, IN MIDDLESEX : Eighty-six-year-old J. H. Taylor demonstrates a stroke on the first day of the Teacher senior professional golf tournament. Looking on are, from left, George Duncan, Alf Padgham and eighty-two-year-old J. G. Sherlock, the oldest competitor in the tournament. The contest, which was held in four age groups, was open to players aged fifty and over.

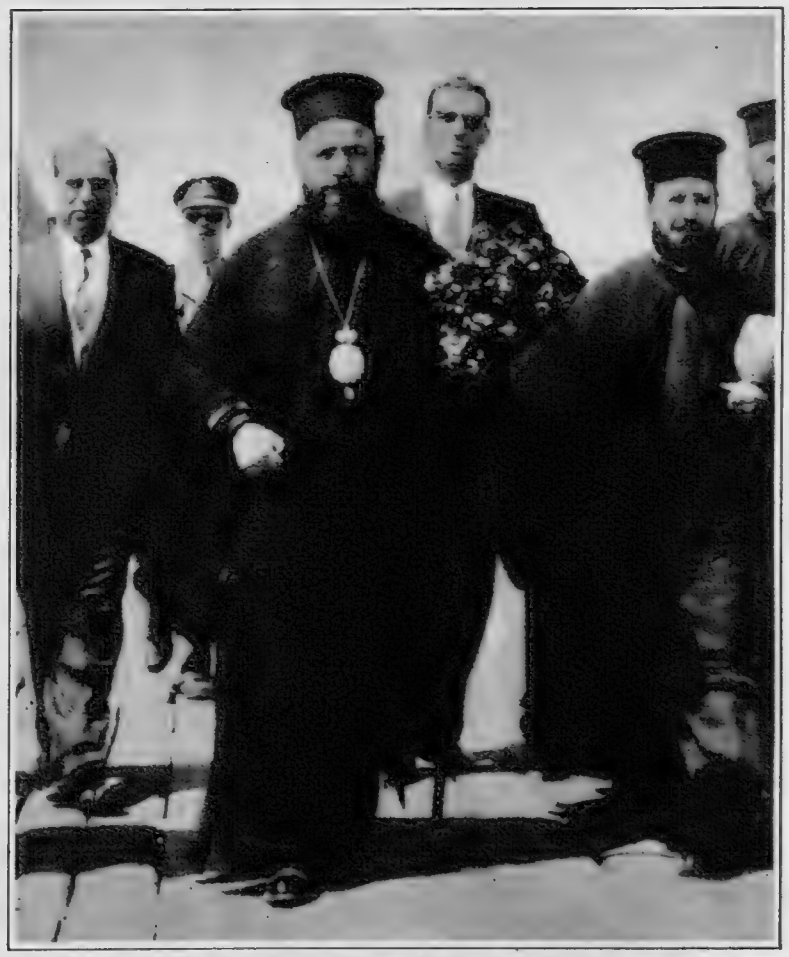
INDONESIAN MILITARY LEADERS ATTEND A PALACE MEETING IN JAKARTA : From left to right are Major-General Abdul Haris Nasution, Army Chief of Staff; Rear-Admiral Subijakto, Naval Chief of Staff; Vice-Marshal Suryadharma, Air Force Chief of Staff, and Lieut.-General Suprapto, the Attorney-General, at the meeting.

PRESIDENT SUKARNO OF INDONESIA SPEAKS TO THE PRESS : The Indonesian President speaks to journalists at a Press conference in the capital, Jakarta. He announced that he was to form an extra-Parliamentary committee of experts in an effort to overcome the present crisis in the affairs of the country. The announcement was made during a meeting of nearly 100 military and political leaders at the State Palace in the capital. President Sukarno said that the committee he was forming must be able to take firm and decisive measures and to set up a National Council in conformity with the Presidential conception. The news of this new move in the continuing deadlock came two days after Mr. Suwirjo, the chairman of the National Party, had informed the President that he had been unable to get enough support to permit him to form a Cabinet of his own choice and thus take over the Government.

LECTIONS IN SENEGAL : Voters queue before the voting station in Dakar during the recent elections in French Colonial Africa. They were the first ever held under general suffrage.

NATIVES CASTING THEIR VOTES IN DAKAR : The identity of each voter is checked before his vote is put into the polling box at this main booth in Dakar. At Dakar the total poll was as high as 90 per cent.

EXPANSION AT THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY'S KENT OIL REFINERY : Tray supports are fitted to the secondary column of a distillation unit at B.P.'s oil refinery on the Isle of Grain, in Kent. Work is going ahead on projects designed to increase the annual processing capacity from 4,500,000 tons to about 7,000,000 tons. This expansion programme, which will cost some £6,000,000, is due to be completed in 1958, but the increased crude oil production should be available by December of this year. Among the major processing plant which is being built is a distillation unit, a catalytic reformer, a thermal reformer, two hydrofiners, a stabiliser, and an alkylation plant.



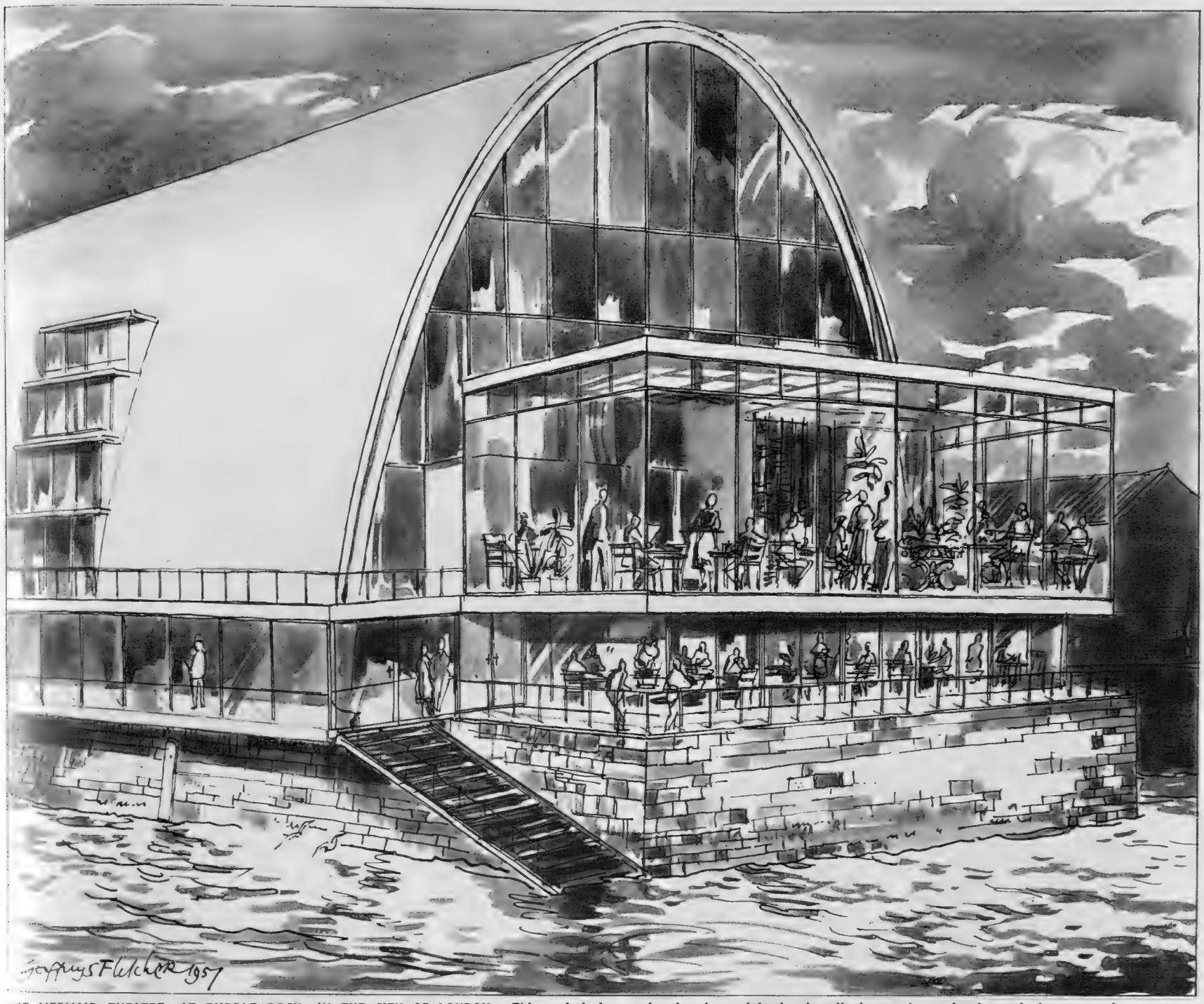
THE BISHOP OF KITIUM GOES TO MEET ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS : Holding a posy of flowers, Bishop Anthimus of Kitium is seen on his way to the ship which was taking him from Cyprus to meet Archbishop Makarios in Greece. On the extreme left is the Mayor of Larnaca, Mr. Christodoulides, who was recently released from a detention camp on the island at Pyla. The Bishop of Kitium himself has just been released after being under house detention since August 1956. Both men were suspected of supporting the terrorists in Cyprus. This release is due to the easing of restrictions.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

REMOVAL OF THE LAST OBSTRUCTION IN THE SUEZ CANAL: The German tugs *Hermes* (left) and *Wotan* (centre) are towing the Egyptian frigate *Abukir* as she is carried between the two lifting vessels *Energie* and *Ausdauer*. The United Nations German salvage unit had thus removed the last blockship from the canal. The two lifting vessels were then towed to the Bitter Lakes and here they dumped the *Abukir*. The work was difficult and dangerous because the frigate is loaded with explosives. Since the Canal was cleared a number of convoys have passed through it going in both directions. British, American and Dutch shipowners have been advised by their Governments not to use the Canal for the present because of payments difficulties and somewhat vague references to possible danger from mines. Protracted negotiations have been going on in Cairo between the American and Egyptian Governments, but President Nasser still adamantly declares that Israeli vessels will not be allowed to use the Canal under any circumstances. Meanwhile the port of Eilat is still open.

RAISING THE "ABUKIR": Steel ropes serve as slings to lift the frigate. This picture was taken from the *Ausdauer* as part of the *Abukir's* superstructure surfaced. *Below* — Spectators watch the frigate being towed to the Bitter Lakes.

FIRST OIL FOR ISRAEL TO PASS THROUGH THE GULF OF AQABA: Workmen and soldiers watch oil being fed into storage tanks from the American tanker *Kern Hills* (10,441 tons) shortly after she docked at the Israeli port of Eilat. She is now on her way back to the Persian Gulf for another cargo for the new Eilat storage tanks. It is hoped soon to complete an 8-in. pipeline from Eilat to Beersheba from where the oil will go by rail to the refineries at Haifa. Eventually, it is hoped to build a 16-in. pipeline all the way to the Mediterranean refineries.



THE MERMAID THEATRE, AT PUDDLE DOCK, IN THE CITY OF LONDON: This artist's impression is what might be described as a bargee's view. It is proposed to operate a free river service each evening from Westminster Pier to the steps indicated. Two restaurants face the river, one above the other, and both are walled entirely with glass—giving fine views across the Thames to Bankside and downstream (to the right) towards the Tower. The architects are Messrs. Devereux and Davies.

A THEATRE FOR THE CITY

Plans are Going Ahead for the New Mermaid Theatre

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

Drawings by GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

WITH half of the £50,000 he needs to build his third Mermaid Theatre having now been collected or promised, Mr. Bernard Miles, the actor and producer, sees his way clear. His architect, Mr. Elidir Davies, R.I.B.A., has drawn up the plans for the prefabricated building, and our artist gives an idea of what it will look like. The City of London Corporation have granted a ten-year lease of Puddle Dock, a fine river site just downstream from Blackfriars Bridge, at a peppercorn rent, and demolition work will soon begin on the bombed shell of the nineteenth-century warehouse that stood there. The erection of the theatre should start in the early autumn, and with a little luck productions might begin nine months from then.

The site of the new theatre revives ancient associations, for in 1612 William Shakespeare purchased from Mr. Henry Walker a house "abutting upon a streete leading doune to Pudle Wharfe (Blackfriers)" from which he would have convenient access to the Blackfriars Theatre in which he had a one-seventh share. He had placed himself in the heart of London's Tudor and early Stuart theatre-land, for here, within the precincts of a dissolved Dominican monastery Nicholas Farrant had built London's second theatre in 1578, and just across the river lay the Blackfriars Company's summer playhouse, the Globe.

The locality's attitude to the theatre has changed considerably since Elizabethan times. The reason why Farrant, and later Burbage, came to the Blackfriars site was that though the monastery had been dissolved, the precincts still retained their ancient sanctuary privileges and thus he could cock a snook at the City Corporation, local aristocrats and the Puritans, all of whom tried continually to close the theatre, which, however, managed to survive until the days of the Commonwealth.

Times have indeed changed since 1594 when a Lord Mayor wrote to Lord Burghley: "The seyed pleyes contein nothing ells but unchast fables, lascivious divises, shifts of cozenage, and matters of lyke sort . . ." Despite these harsh words, numerous new plays were produced on the site. The theatre had two "innings," for in 1584 the landlord managed to eject the players and reconvert the theatre into tenements, and it was not until 1596 that James Burbage re-established a theatre there.

Probably most of Shakespeare's plays were produced near Puddle Dock. The title-page of the quarto edition of *Othello* (1622) mentions its performance at Blackfriars. In 1584 Queen Elizabeth I was present at the first production of Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*. Thus the site is an important one in the history of the English stage.

The first Mermaid swam into our ken in 1951, to exemplify Mr. Miles' belief that the open platform stage of the Elizabethans ought not to have been lost, and that even to modern plays it could bring a much higher sense of "audience participation" than the proscenium-bound "picture-frame" stage. An old schoolroom next door to his house in St. John's Wood was converted, and his triumph in persuading the great Flagstad to sing in *Dido and Aeneas* launched the venture with a fanfare that reverberates still.

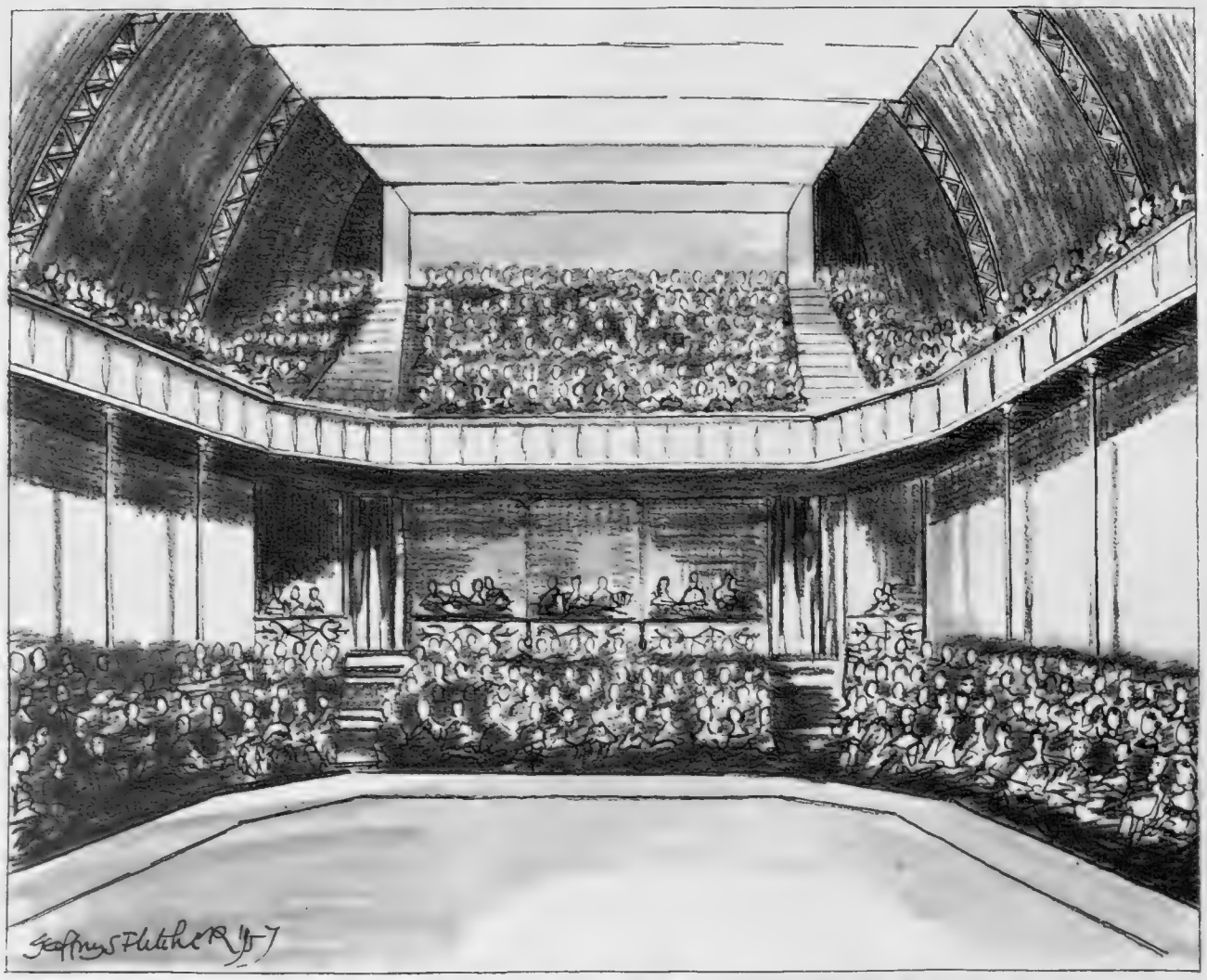
The second Mermaid was constructed inside the Royal Exchange in 1953, being the first theatre within the City boundaries for over 200 years, and though this was Coronation year, with all its rival attractions, the thirteen-week season attracted 70,000 people, and proved that there was a real desire among City workers for a permanent serious theatre of their own. Thus encouraged, Mr. Miles formed his Mermaid Theatre Trust in October last, and the response has been both wide and generous, donations ranging between 5s. and £2,000, and subscribers including almost every notability in the dramatic and related arts, from Mr. T. S. Eliot to Mr. Harry Secombe, and from Miss Doris Day and Mr. Larry Adler to Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams. (Nevertheless, the remaining £25,000 is most anxiously looked for—the Trust will be glad of any help towards it, sent to 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.)

There is to be nothing antiquarian about this theatre; like its originator, it will fairly burst with exuberant life. One of its aims is to put on new plays, and if there is money enough, to commission them and pay the young dramatist so that he can "eat while he works." It also plans to do opera. That is a costly business, and Mr. Miles reckons that it will take at least four successful plays to cover the costs of one opera. But *Dido* (which he will revive, having kept the properties) showed that it could be done. Composers will be told that they must scale their works to the theatre's housekeeping, with, say, a twelve-piece orchestra, a cast of four to six principals and a small chorus. And as the members of the English Opera Group are already specialising in chamber operas of this sort, and, indeed, have made reputations with them abroad, there should be no difficulty.

Of past playwrights, Shakespeare will be almost excluded, being, in Mr. Miles' opinion, adequately served at the Old Vic, Stratford and elsewhere. Instead he intends to revive some of the lesser-known Jacobean

(*Continued on following page*)

A THEATRE FOR THE CITY



AN ACTOR'S VIEW FROM THE OPEN PLATFORM STAGE: Mr. Bernard Miles believes that having an audience on three sides brings out a greater sense of "audience participation." *Below*—An imaginary production seen from the stalls. Of the 650 seats, at least 300 will be priced at 5s. The construction of the theatre is of prefabricated parts throughout.

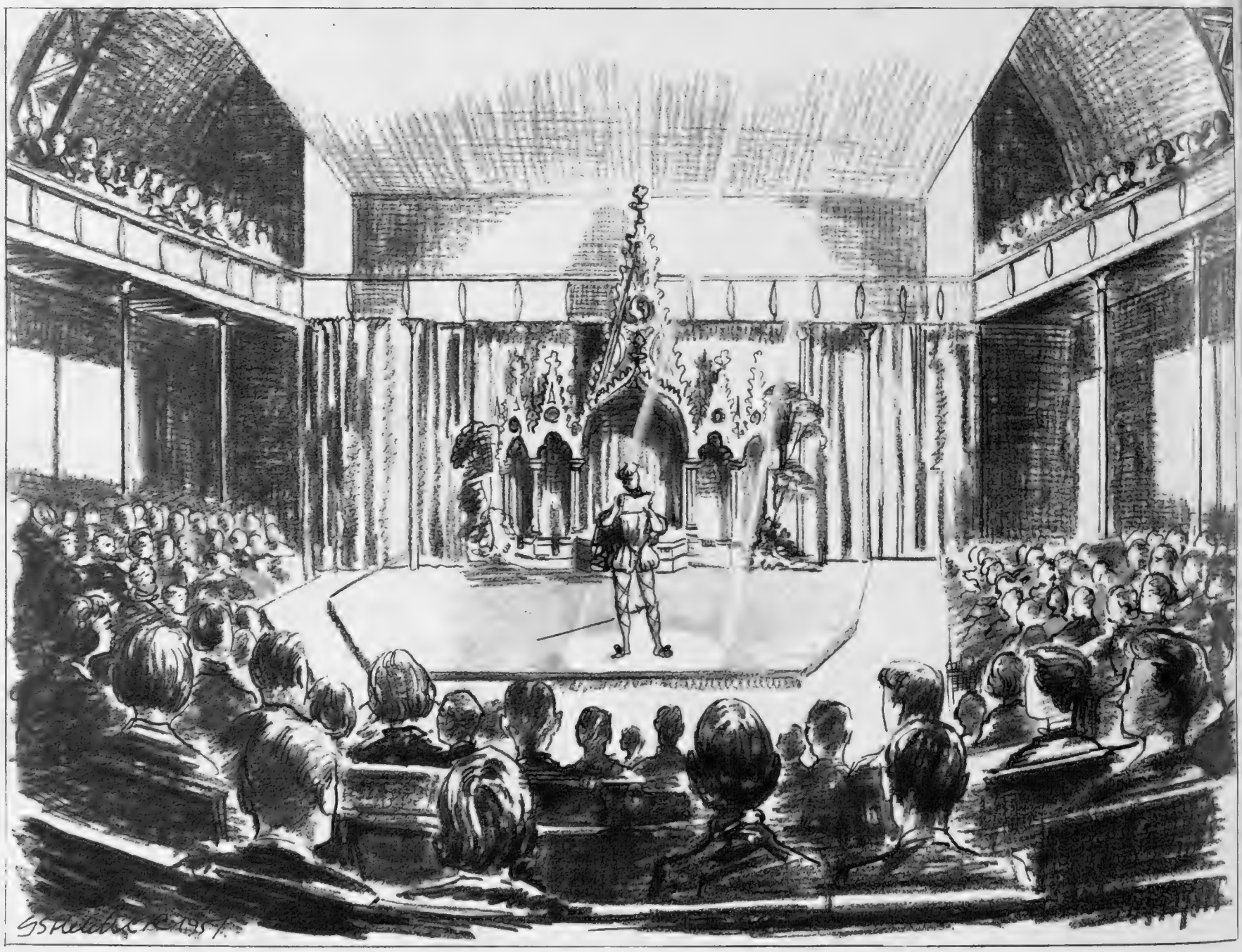
(*Continued from previous page*)

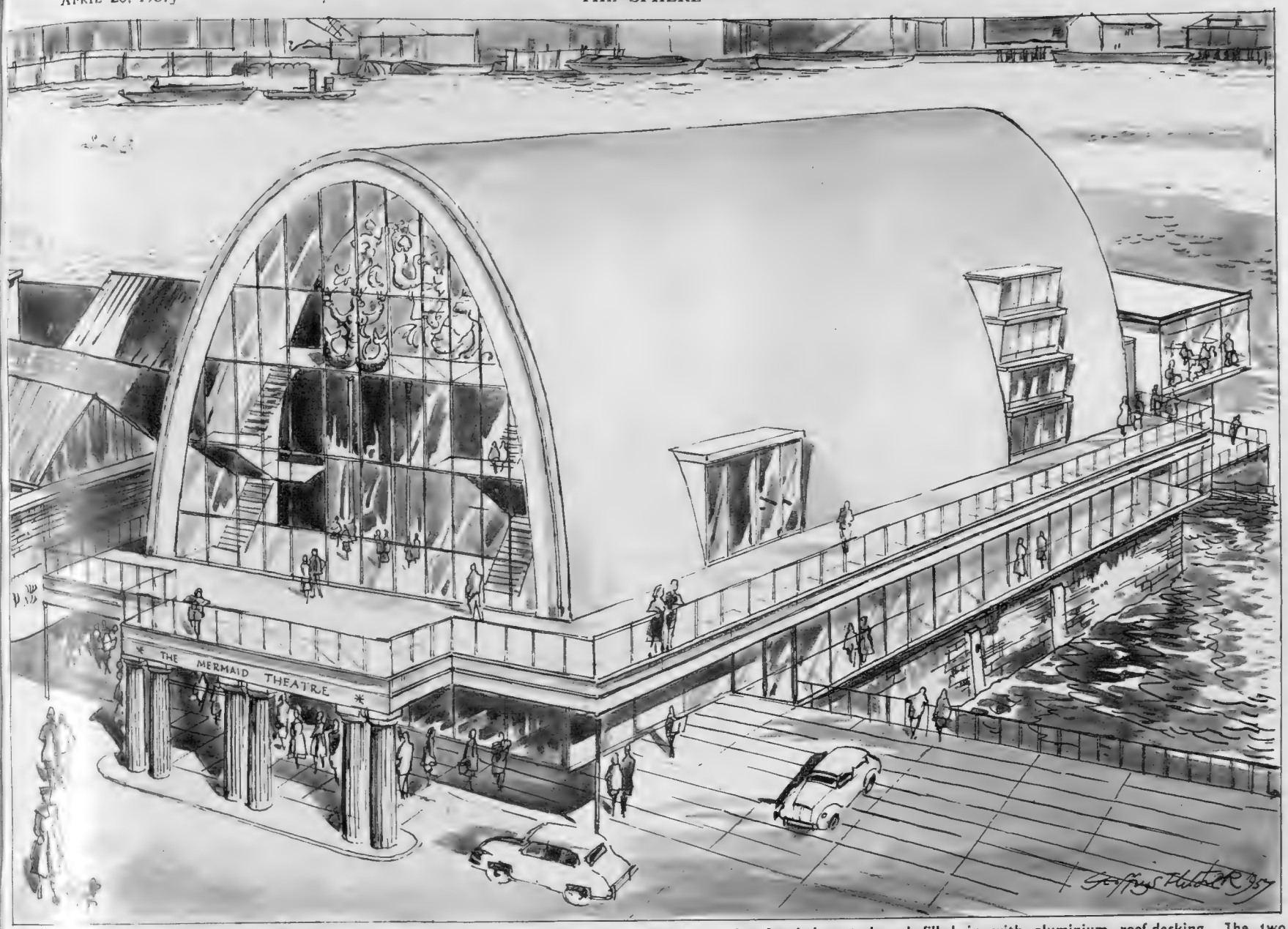
masterpieces; Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, for example, or Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*—an age which took the Shakespearian "horror-comic" *Titus Andronicus* in its stride ought to relish that one. We shall learn that Henry Fielding the novelist also wrote a play, called *The Justice Caught in His Own Trap*, and Miles Malleson is to adapt the novels of Dickens for the stage beginning with *Dombey and Son*.

At Christmas there will be a pantomime, and the first one in the City's own theatre must, of course, be *Dick Whittington*. And for a month in the year the Mermaid will be given over to The Goons, to do as they like with—an offer that comes from themselves. "We'll need to put up a steel screen to keep people from being chucked into the river," Mr. Miles sardonically observes.

All this, thanks to the low ground-rent and the generosity of the Trust's subscribers, is to be provided at a price the City worker can afford. Of the 650 seats, at least 300 will be priced at 5s., and a square or nearly-square meal will be available in the two restaurants for 4s. 6d. It means that an evening out for the modern Dick Whittington and his girl will leave change from a pound, and that they can return home on their workaday season tickets, so that theatre-going can be seen as a justifiable habit and not as an occasional luxury.

As for the appearance of the third Mermaid, she will be, perhaps, piquant rather than classically beautiful, which, after all, is in the tradition of mermaids. One might describe her as a baby Cannon Street Station gone contemporary. This is because the construction must be of prefabricated parts, so that the theatre can be dismantled and re-erected elsewhere when (but not for many years, one hopes) the City Corporation eventually want the site back again for the widening of Blackfriars Bridge.





THE FRONT OF THE MERMAID : The basic construction consists of a series of parabolic arches made of tubular steel and filled in with aluminium roof-decking. The two restaurants on the river-front will be open to the general public. The columns which support the theatre porch come from the frontage of the warehouse which used to stand on the site before it was bombed. High up under the roof of the theatre will be a quiet rehearsal room made to the same dimensions as the stage below.

A series of parabolic arches made of tubular steel and filled in with aluminium roof-decking will form a waterproof shell, inside which the theatre proper nestles. On the river-front there will be two restaurants, one above the other, walled entirely with glass and giving superb views across to Bankside and downstream to Tower Bridge. And if another of Mr. Miles' plans materialises, one will be able to arrive by water for the play. A barge bearing the Mermaid flag will leave Westminster Pier each evening, and seats on it will be free. "More than worth it for the advertisement," he says.

Columns from the frontage of the old warehouse, which being of iron were not burned and are handsome examples of "Industrial Revolution Tuscan," will be retained as supports for the theatre porch, under which cars can be driven. Once through the foyer, he will find the interior less contemporary, and more traditionally theatrical, though there is no intention of making it a replica of an Elizabethan playhouse. The series of boxes at the back of the stalls will suggest, rather, a miniature Covent Garden, as will the balcony on three sides of the great platform stage.

The stage projects 25 ft. beyond where the proscenium arch would be in a "picture" theatre, and will have a slightly lower promenade around it, on to which the actors descend for making intimate communications, such as asides and soliloquies, to the audience. There will be provision for a certain amount of "picture" scenery, too. The theatre's decoration scheme is not yet decided, but it will be gay, in pure, clear colours, and the seats, unlike those in some "advanced" playhouses, are to be comfortable

It all seems a beautiful pipe-dream, as one pokes about in the derelict shabbiness of Puddle Dock to-day. But Mr. Miles' pipe-dream has come true twice already, and there is certainly going to be no stopping him on the third. The theatre will arise and shine, and in due course we shall echo Beaumont's triumphant cry to Ben Jonson:

"What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid!"

SWEET THAMES : A view from the upper restaurant looking downstream towards Southwark Bridge and Cathedral. Opposite are the cranes and warehouses of Bankside. It is proposed to provide a full meal in the two restaurants for 4s. 6d. It will therefore be possible for an evening's entertainment and a meal for two people to cost less than a pound.

A Refugee Camp in Gaza

20,000 Displaced Palestinians Live in the Jabalia Camp

The United Nations Relief and Works Agency, which is the international organisation responsible for the relief and rehabilitation of the Palestinian refugees, has, since the first Arab-Israeli war, been faced with the intolerable burden of dealing with some 900,000 Arab refugees. These refugees have been used in the past and are still being used to-day as propaganda in the already seething cauldron of Middle East affairs. During the United Nations debate on the problem last year Mr. Eban (Israel) accused the Arab states of keeping the refugee issue alive "for the sake of sterile political controversy." He asserted that the refugees had been prevented from settling down and becoming part of the economically expanding Arab world to which they naturally belonged. He stressed that the repatriation of many thousands of Arab refugees to Israel would hold "great perils both for Israel and for the refugees themselves" and would give rise to grave security and economic problems.

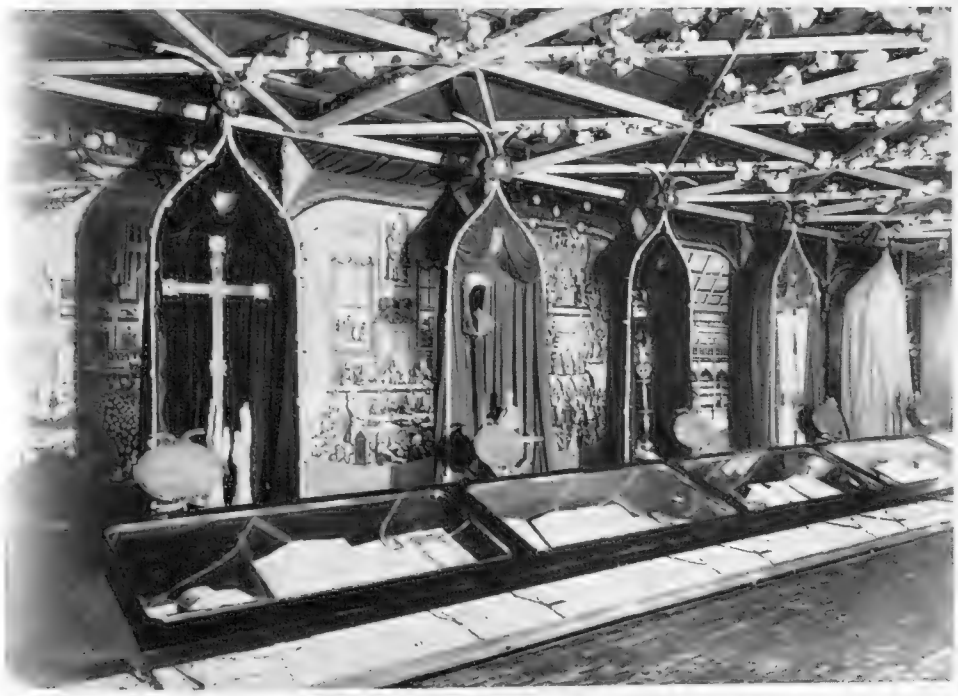
THE JABALIA REFUGEE CAMP IN THE GAZA STRIP: This narrow sandy street is typical of the refugee camps organised and run in the Gaza Strip by the United Nations refugee relief teams. In the Jabalia camp some 20,000 displaced Palestinian Arabs are temporarily housed and fed in about 5,000 rooms. The conditions are primitive and misery is the common lot of the refugees, but until a settlement is reached no permanent solution can be foreseen.

MEDICAL SERVICES IN THE CAMP: Arab women with their children walk in the rough stone yard which serves as a waiting room for one of the doctors who regularly visit the United Nations run Jabalia camp at the northern end of the Gaza Strip.

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE UNITED NATIONS REFUGEE ORGANISATION: Rice and flour are distributed to the refugees in one of the store huts in the Jabalia camp. The refugees are entirely dependent on the U.N. for their food and lodging.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE JABALIA CAMP: Arab refugees go about the everyday tasks which comprise their lives in the camp. In the Gaza area the refugees outnumber the local population by more than two to one and in Jordan they form over one-third of the Arab population.

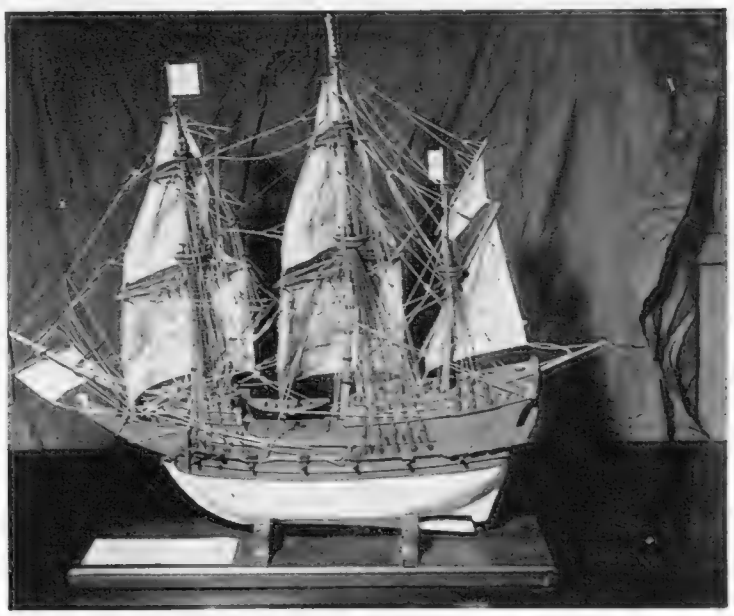
ART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM EXHIBIT AT THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL, VIRGINIA: The centre-piece of this exhibit at the festival, commemorating the 350th anniversary of the founding at Jamestown of the first permanent British settlement in America, is a tree and axe, symbolic of the English beginnings in Virginia. The stands in the background illustrate the economic and social background of seventeenth-century England. A notable feature is the fine floral treatment of the ceiling.



SYMBOLS OF AN OLD-WORLD HERITAGE: These stands in the "Heritage" section of the exhibit symbolise Religion, Law, Government, Learning and Liberty. In background are enlarged seventeenth-century prints.

OLD-WORLD HERITAGE

The British Exhibit at the Jamestown Festival, Virginia



A MODEL OF THE "GOLDEN HIND": This model of Sir Francis Drake's famous ship in which he circumnavigated the globe in 1577-1580 has been lent by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

THE GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEF OF ELIZABETH I: These exhibits have been lent by the Visitors of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Also in the picture is a copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* (1628) lent by the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers.

One of the main events in the celebrations in Jamestown, Virginia, of the 350th anniversary of the founding of the first British permanent settlement, is the United Kingdom exhibit, "The British Heritage," which the Central Office of Information has produced on behalf of the Foreign Office. The exhibit deals with the background to the colonisation of America and shows the influence of the British legacy on American life. It also shows the phases of the colonial policy of this country and the development of the Commonwealth down to the present day. The first of the British pavilion's three sections deals with the events leading up to the Jamestown settlement in 1607. The main exhibit is a large reconstruction of John Cabot's ship, *The Matthew*. Through Cabot's famous voyage in 1497 England established a legal claim to a share in the North American continent—then virgin soil. The model of the vessel measures 18 ft. in length and 17 ft. from the water-line to the top of the main mast.

The second section aims at showing how British ideas and institutions became part of the American scene. It is dominated by a group of five vertical structures symbolising the background of the early settlers and their heritage of Religion, Law, Government, Learning and Liberty. Each is presented against an enlargement of an appropriate seventeenth-century engraving. The third and final section concerns the expansion of the British Empire and the development of colonial policy after the loss of the first "Empire" in America. Half life-size figures of five Empire-builders—Cook, Wolfe, Clive, Livingstone and Rhodes—with descriptions of the different motives and ideals that prompted their ventures form part of this final section. The culminating feature of the exhibition is a display symbolising the milestones in the history of freedom in both countries. It incorporates the Magna Carta and the town crier's bell presented to Sir Winston Churchill by the trustees of Colonial Williamsburg.

RHUM FOR THE NATION

The Island, Bought by the Nature Conservancy, is now a Nature Reserve

Of the three new Scottish Nature Reserves recently declared by the Nature Conservancy, the Island of Rhum is by far the biggest. It covers 26,400 acres and is about eight miles in length and breadth. The island is ten miles west of Mallaig on the mainland, and seven miles south of Skye. It has never been a tourist or mountaineering resort and has a population of twenty-eight, consisting entirely of estate employees and their families.

The island was acquired by the MacLeans of Coll in the middle of the eighteenth century, and subsequently bought by the Marquis of Salisbury in 1845. By this time its population had fallen considerably as nearly all its 400 inhabitants had emigrated to America in 1826. A few years later, however, some families transferred from Skye and settled on the island, and in 1831 there were 134 people living there. John Bullough, a rich Lancashire indus-

(*Continued below*)

THE INNER HEBRIDEAN ISLAND OF RHUM WHICH HAS BEEN DECLARED A NATURE RESERVE: The wall in the foreground surrounds an old graveyard and the stones on the left are the remains of a village overlooking Kilmory Bay. Rhum, which was sold to the Nature Conservancy by Lady Monica Bullough, has now been declared a nature reserve, along with the island of St. Kilda and 6,226 acres at Caerlaverock, Dumfriesshire. The little-known island has a population of twenty-eight.

On right—
THE FACTOR OF RHUM: Mr. Duncan McNaughton (left) is seen with a shepherd, J. McNab.

THE CASTLE AT KINLOCH: It was built by Sir George Bullough in 1899-1902, and cost £250,000. The red sandstone used in its construction was shipped from Arran.

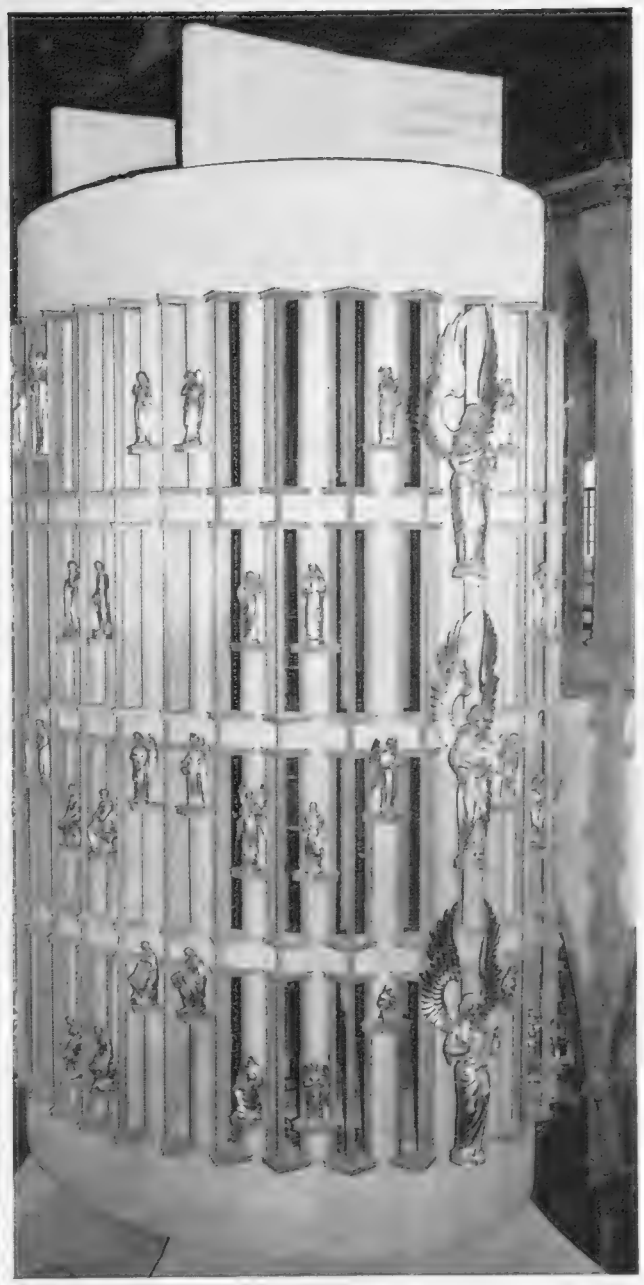
(*Continued from above*)

trialist, bought the island in 1888, and he was succeeded in the ownership by his son, Sir George. He built the mausoleum in Glen Harris on the West Coast, and the big castellated house which is the dominating feature at Kinloch, in the east, as well as constructing a road across the island to link the two localities

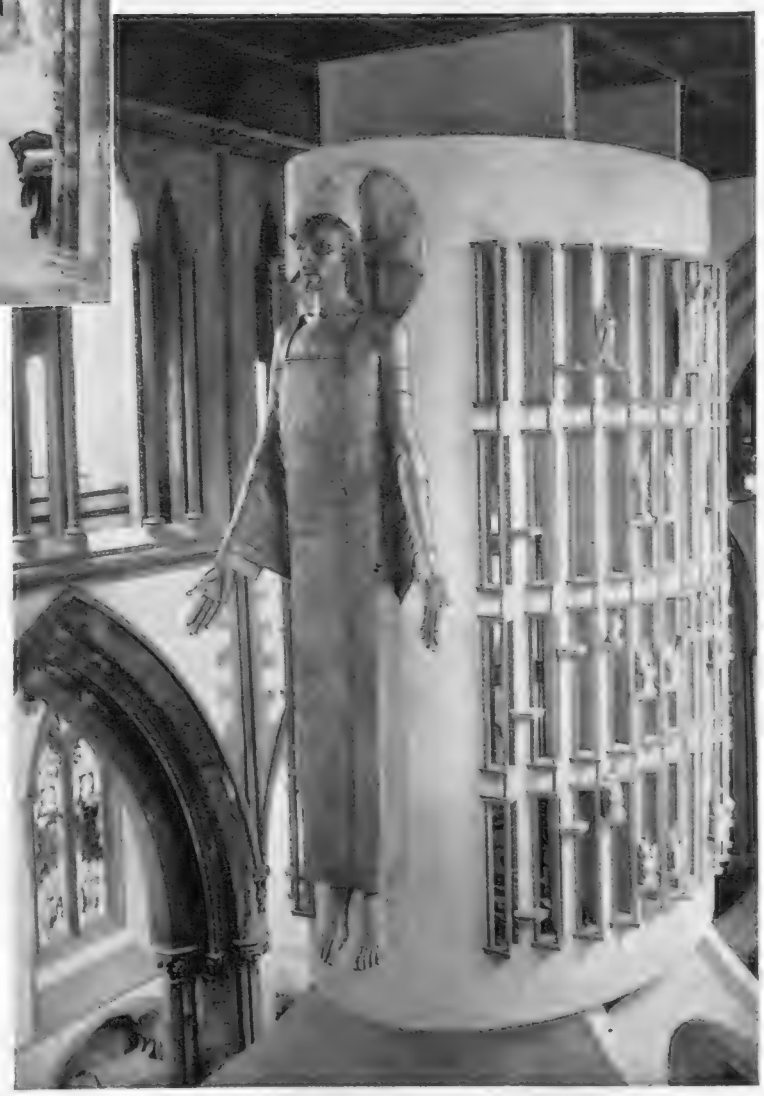
The island is ideally suited for much field research, and in their programme the Nature Conservancy have included the restoration of the natural vegetation which should be less difficult than in other parts of the Highlands and islands owing to the care taken of the island by the late Sir George Bullough and his family. Rhum is an outstanding area for botanical research and the small mountains along its east coast which rise at three points above 2,500 ft. are of exceptional geological interest owing to their volcanic origin and their composition of rare ultra basic rocks. There are small numbers of Rhum ponies and goats as well as a herd of nearly a thousand red deer. The latter will enable scientists to carry out in undisturbed and ideal conditions much overdue research into the food and habits of the animal. There will also be opportunities to carry out a long-needed and detailed survey of the Golden Eagle

On right—
THE MAUSOLEUM IN GLEN HARRIS: The memorial, in the form of a Greek temple, was erected by Sir George Bullough to commemorate his father on the spot where he was buried.

"MAJESTAS," THE NEW 16-FT. FIGURE BY SIR JACOB EPSTEIN: It stands on the apex of a modern arch spanning the nave of the restored Anglican Cathedral at Llandaff. The statue is a frontal figure to a "block" which will contain a section of the organ for choir accompaniment.



THE REAR OF THE FIGURE: A view from the organ loft of the opposite side of the echo organ to that which supports the representation. The newly gilded figures which decorate the organ casing were retrieved from the interior after the Cathedral was struck by a land-mine in 1941. *Below*—The front of the echo organ with the 16-ft. figure which is cast in aluminium.



EPSTEIN'S "CHRIST"

A New and Controversial Representation is Revealed in Llandaff Cathedral

Last week drapes were removed from a statue which with its setting is causing yet another Epstein controversy. Since it left a London foundry Sir Jacob Epstein's "Majestas," a 16-ft. figure of "Christ in Majesty," had been zealously kept from public sight. For ten months restoration work went on around the crated figure, for Llandaff Cathedral was severely damaged during the war.

It now stands on the apex of a reinforced-concrete arch spanning and dominating the nave. The statue is a frontal figure to the decorated casing which will contain a section of the organ for choir accompaniment. The figure has been cast in aluminium with an unpolished surface, weighs only 7 cwt. and cost £3,500. With the £4,000 arch it has been paid for from funds received from the War Damage Commission. The setting and design of the arch are the work of the cathedral architect, Mr. G. G. Pace, of York.

The Dean, the Very Rev. Eryl S. Thomas, described the figure as "a theological challenge." He said: "Epstein has caught not only the majesty of God, but the mercy and serenity of the reigning Christ. Like the restorers of the last century who called in the Pre-Raphaelites, then under a cloud of suspicion for their so-called modern art, so in this century the Dean and Chapter have resisted every temptation to take refuge in a timid artistic traditionalism. If the Church is to be a patron of the arts and true to her times she should build in the style and technique of the age, otherwise she is an anachronism and a museum piece."

Sir Jacob Epstein's first statue of Christ was made during the 1914-18 War, ten years after controversy over his figures for the British Medical Association's building in the Strand. Further lively criticism followed when he produced other big works.

Diversity in the Theatre

French Opera, American Fantasy and English Music-Hall Inspire Three of the New Productions on the London Stage

Easter, in the London theatre, sees a number of new productions of unusually varied character. At Sadler's Wells, Berlioz's opera *Benvenuto Cellini* is being performed for the first time in England for a hundred years. At the Phœnix Theatre, Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* is alternately exciting and baffling its audiences and, at the Royal Court Theatre, Sir Laurence Olivier appears as a music-hall artist in John Osborne's new play, *The Entertainer*.

Camino Real is a fantasy, set in the plaza of a tropical town, where a number of classical romantics—Don Quixote, Marguerite Gautier, Jacques Casanova, Lord Byron, and the Baron de Charlus,—are ending their lives among a raffish collection of failures of the modern world. A young American ex-champion boxer, dying of an enlarged heart, strays into this motley crowd and has a brief encounter with a gypsy girl. The piece develops in a maze of symbolism, but its message, if any, is obscure. However, there are moments of high drama and of wit, and it is excellently produced by Peter Hall and acted by a strong company which includes Diana Wynyard, Freda Jackson, Elizabeth Seal, Harry Andrews and Denholm Elliott.

"BENVENUTO CELLINI" AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE: Left to right in the new Carl Rosa Opera Company production of Berlioz's opera are John Faassen as Fieramosca; Donald Campbell as Balducci; Charles Craig as Benvenuto Cellini; and Estelle Valery as Teresa. The opera was last produced in London about 100 years ago, but was given a performance in Glasgow in 1936. Based freely on the life of the swashbuckling, sixteenth-century sculptor-goldsmith, *Benvenuto Cellini* is too episodic for strong dramatic effect. However, the opera is lustily presented and sung and has well-designed sets by Hamish Wilson.

On right—

DESPAIR IN "CAMINO REAL": Diana Wynyard as Marguerite Gautier is frustrated from leaving the town in Tennessee Williams' play, *Camino Real*, at the Phœnix Theatre. She characterises the Dame aux Camélias in her middle age, pathetically straining for her youth and physical power over men. As a result, she rejects the last but true love of the ageing Casanova in this curious, timeless fantasy.

THE FOUNTAIN FLOWS AGAIN IN THE PLAZA "CAMINO REAL": The end of Tennessee Williams' play sees the inhabitants of the town overjoyed at the symbolic revival of the fountain. In the right foreground Marguerite Gautier is at last resigned to Casanova's love, while the hotel-keeper (played by Harold Kasket, on left) looks on benignly.

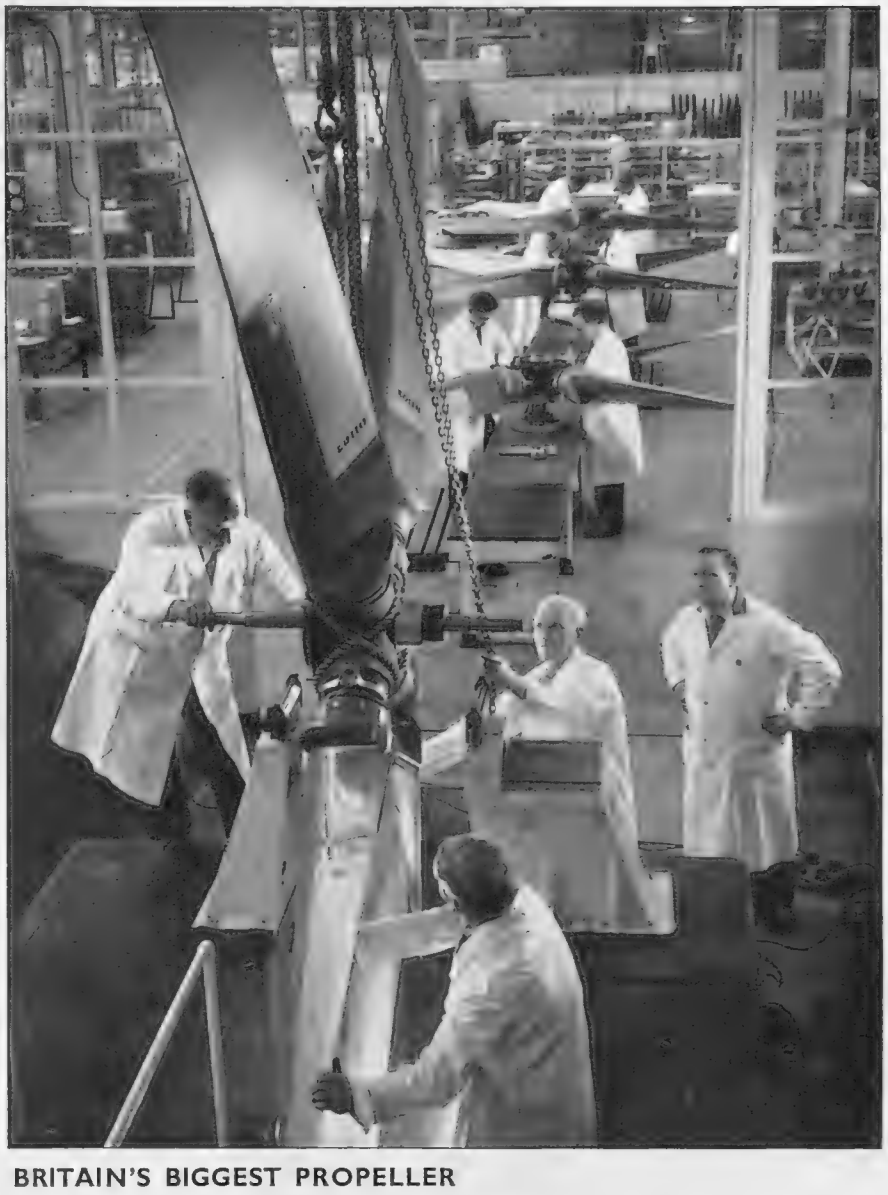
SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS A MUSIC-HALL ARTIST: The famous actor has this unusual characterisation in John Osborne's new play, *The Entertainer*, at the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square. Sir Laurence plays the part of an Oxford-educated variety artist, son of a former self-educated music-hall star. The latest play of the author of *Look Back in Anger* treats with the dying music-hall and suggests that with its demise goes part of the heart of England, for it was truly a folk art. In writing it, he has used certain techniques of music-hall—not to exploit a trick, but because he believes that they solve some of the eternal problems of time and space which face the dramatist. The action takes place in a seaside resort, where the family live in a large house, originally built by a prosperous Victorian business man and now surrounded by small factories. The old music-hall star (played by George Relph) prospered and was able to send his son (Sir Laurence Olivier) to Oxford. But the boy followed his father's profession and has deteriorated with the music-hall itself until he has become the chief comedian of a third-rate nude revue.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

HELICOPTERS AND AIRSCREWS

HELICOPTER IS FLOWN TO AFRICA

With only its rotor and landing gear dismantled a 30-ft.-long Bell 47.G2 helicopter weighing a ton is gently eased into a York freighter at London port. This was the beginning of a 4,000-mile journey to Nairobi—air delivery essential so as to meet the requirements of a tight schedule of demonstration hts and contract mining work. The York freighter aircraft was on Hunting-lan's regular " Africargo " service and the helicopter was operated by " Autair," London helicopter company. The journey to Nairobi was accomplished in hours. Apart from the helicopter the York carried on the same flight much litional cargo—including 8,000 day-old chicks and twenty-five television sets. e helicopter has been flown from Nairobi to Ndola in Northern Rhodesia.



BRITAIN'S BIGGEST PROPELLER

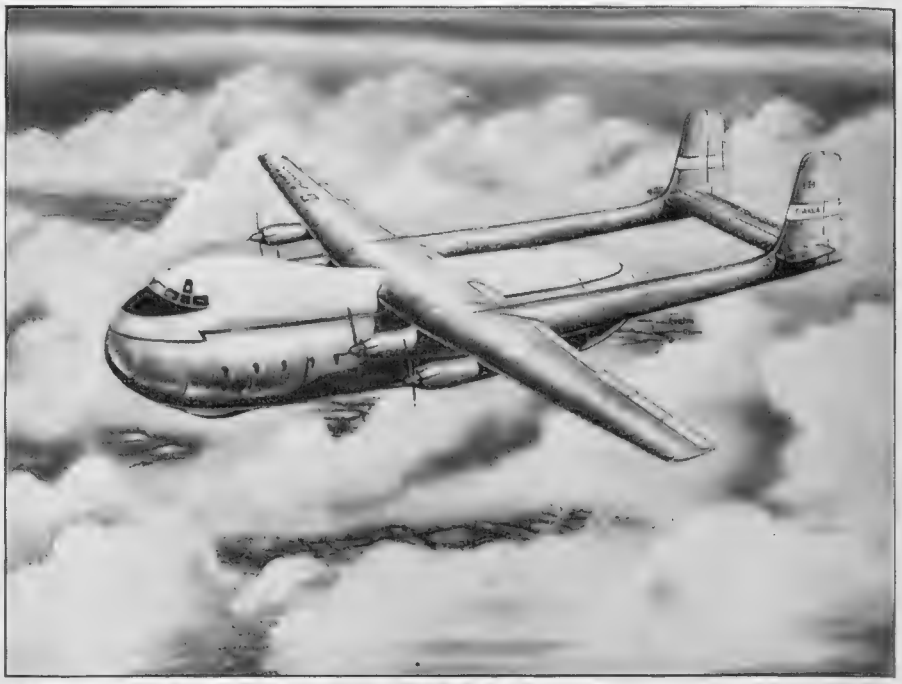
A propeller for a Blackburn Beverley tactical transport aircraft is being lowered on to the static balancing rig at the main factory of de Havilland Propellers, Ltd., at Lostock, near Bolton, Lancs. These propellers, with a diameter of 16 ft. 6 ins., are the largest produced in this country. They weigh about 850 lb.—weight varies slightly according to the model. The propeller, of four hollow steel blades, possesses a number of interesting safety and operating features. The pitch is reversible—this means that an aircraft can be quickly brought to a stop without using brakes. It can then be taxied backwards—even if fully loaded.

THE ROTODYNE GOES BY ROAD

A wing and the fuselage of the Fairey Rotodyne, the world's largest transport helicopter, is moved from Hayes, Middlesex, to the company's airfield at White Waltham, near Maidenhead, Berks, for final assembly. It is expected to make its maiden ascent shortly. The span of the wing is 47 ft. and the length of the fuselage 58 ft. 8 ins. The Fairey Rotodyne will be a new kind of air transport, for it combines the best of both fixed- and rotary-wing worlds. It will carry forty passengers or a payload of 10,000 lb. over stages up to 400 miles at costs comparable to those of fixed-wing aircraft. Because of its seating capacity the nickname " Rotorcoach " has been given to the Rotodyne. Powered by two Napier Eland prop-jets, the Rotodyne is, in fact, a convertiplane. It is able to rise and descend almost vertically and fly on the level as fast as, or faster than, a Dakota. A large four-bladed rotor is powered for take-off and landing, but " free-wheels " in cruising flight, when full power is delivered to the propellers and the fixed wing contributes 85 per cent. of the total lift. The second prototype Rotodyne now being built at the Hayes factory will have a longer and deeper cabin.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

INSIDE A FULL-SCALE MODEL OF A NEW AIR FREIGHTER : The Armstrong Whitworth AW650 wooden mock-up is now being built at their factory at Baginton, near Coventry. There will be doors at both the nose and tail-ends of the fuselage.

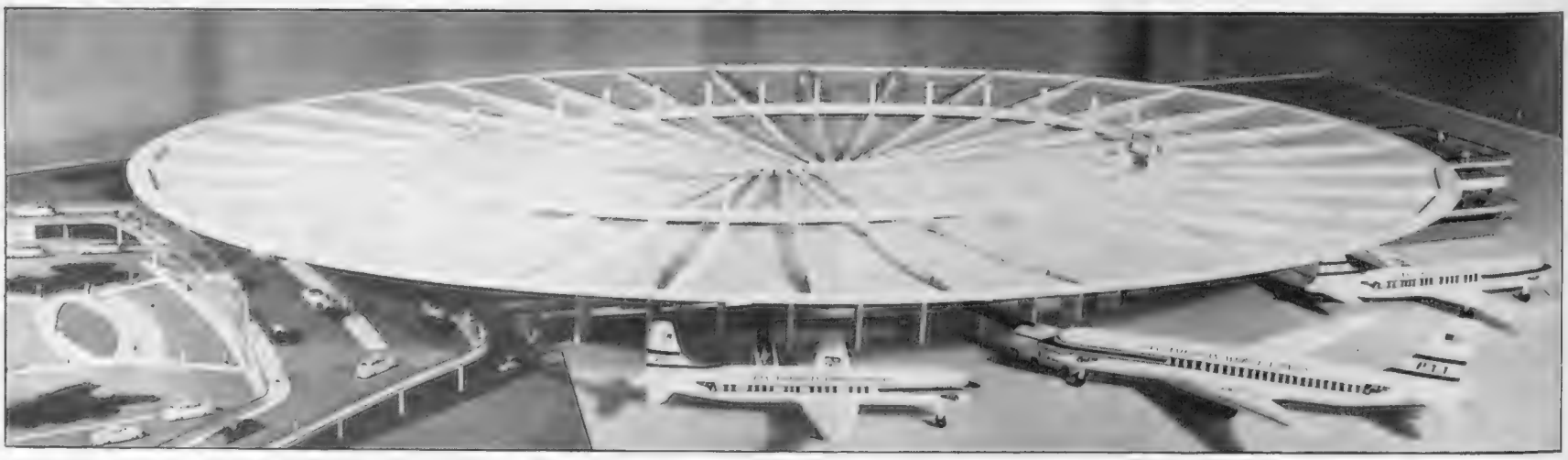


THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH 650 FREIGHTLINER : This drawing shows that the layout is similar to that of the well-tried Fairchild packet.

THE MOCK-UP UNDER CONSTRUCTION : Work on the actual prototype AW650 has yet to begin, but the aircraft is expected to fly before the end of next year. For speed of production and economy, only well-proven components and equipment will be employed. The light alloy two-spar wing of 115 ft. span is based on an Avro design with a long history of operational use.

NEW CARGO PLANE

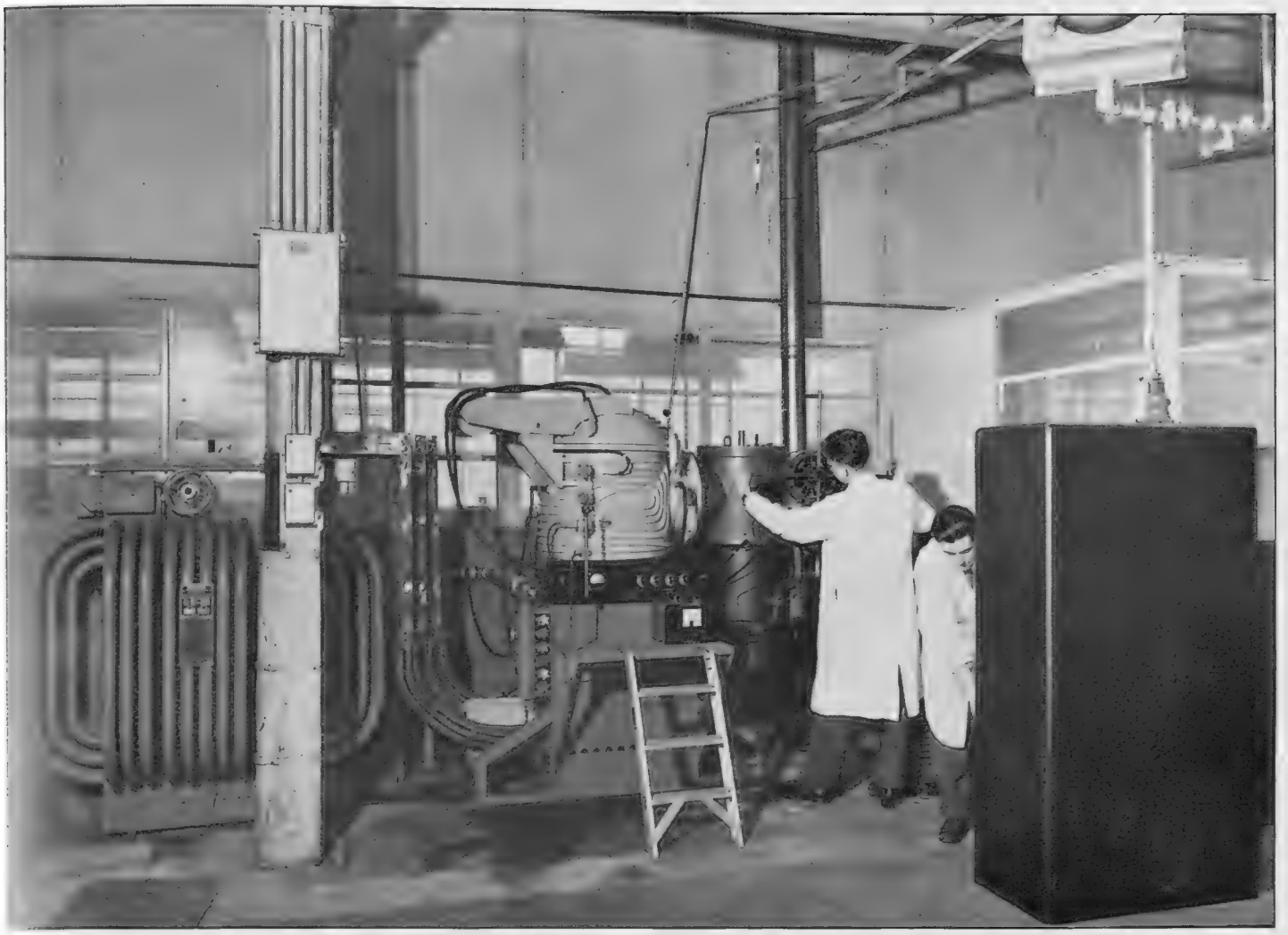
It is hoped to follow up Britain's growing success in the world civil aviation market with a new venture—the first modern, pressurised freight and tourist-class aircraft. The AW650 Freightliner is to be built by the Coventry firm of Armstrong Whitworth and it represents the re-entry into the civil field of the vast Hawker Siddeley Group, at present the builders of the Hawker Hunter, Gloster Javelin, Avro Vulcan bomber, and other military aircraft. The AW650 is no luxury airliner designed for the world's "blue riband" air routes. It is intended as a robust, reliable, easy-to-maintain aircraft which should make it possible to reduce air freight charges to the lowest rates yet—well below the levels necessary with the obsolescent passenger aircraft now carrying the bulk of the world's air freight. Sir Frank Spriggs, the managing director of the Hawker Siddeley Group, has ordered a sum of several million pounds to be earmarked for this private venture and an initial production of ten aircraft is planned. First flight of the freighter prototype is scheduled before the end of 1958. The Armstrong Whitworth 650 will have a cruising speed of nearly 300 m.p.h. at 25,000 ft. and a range of over 2,000 miles. It is envisaged as having three main roles : that of civil freighting, tourist class travel, and military transport. A further function as a car ferry can be made available with an unpressurised fuselage of exceptional width able to carry six cars and thirty passengers. The standard version of the aircraft will be powered with four Rolls-Royce Dart prop-jet engines.



AN AIRLINE'S OWN TERMINAL

Airport terminals are usually found on the edge of the aircraft parking area and passengers go through long "sheep runs" out to their planes. Here you can see a model of how Pan American World Airways' revolutionary terminal to be built at New York International Airport will eliminate this. The aircraft will be brought to the passengers, who will board them direct from the lounge over an elevated passageway, 10 ft. above the ground. The cantilever roof is of 176,000 sq. ft.—4 acres—in area, and will be stressed to withstand hurricane winds. Total cost of the terminal will be 8,000,000 dollars; the roof alone costing 2,000,000 dollars more than a conventional design. The oval-shaped roof is supported by thirty-two piers and is concave so as to give clearance for the tails of aircraft on its outer edge which extends 110 ft. out from the supporting columns. The terminal will be capable of handling an airliner with 160 passengers every 15 minutes.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

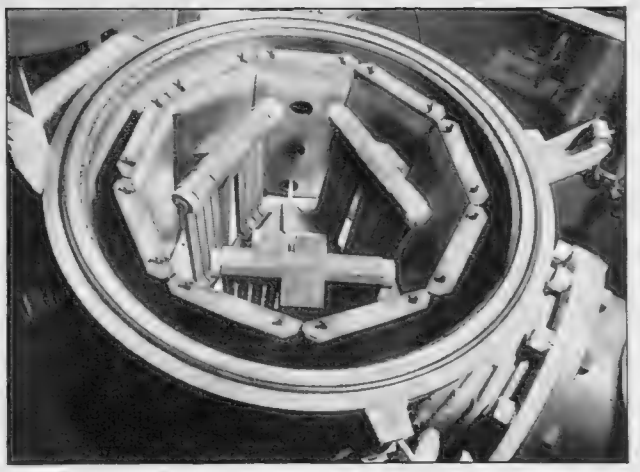


On left—

A NEW HIGH-TEMPERATURE FURNACE: It has been developed by the General Electric Co. Ltd., and installed in the B.S.A. Group Research Powder Metallurgy Laboratory at Small Heath, Birmingham. The sections of the machine shown in this picture are, from the left, the transformer; the furnace; the pumping system; and, on the extreme right, the control panel. The furnace is designed to give temperatures up to about 2,000 degs. C. and to maintain a good vacuum for the protection of a charge from oxidation. It is being used for sintering materials for use at high temperatures.

Below—

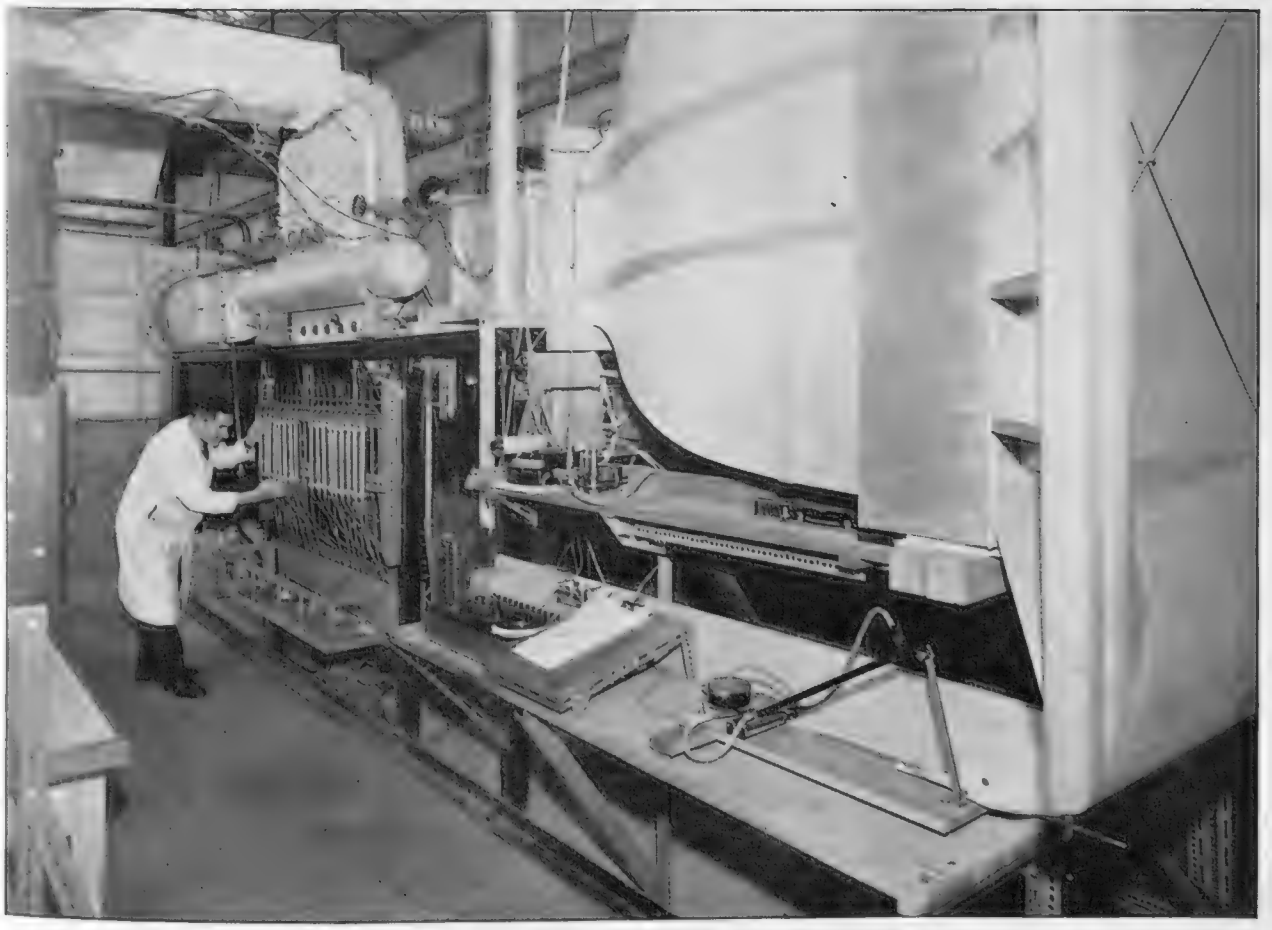
LOOKING DOWN INTO THE FURNACE: The lid has been removed to show the element assembly and side radiation screens of the new high-temperature vacuum furnace which has recently been installed at Small Heath.



A NEW FURNACE TO PROVIDE TEMPERATURES UP TO 3,000 deg. C.

The G.E.C. have developed graphite resistor furnaces which are capable of providing temperatures up to 3,000 deg. C. Their purpose is to meet the demand created by development work on atomic energy, guided weapons, and supersonic aircraft; for high temperatures required in the heat treatment of the new metals—titanium, tantalum and zirconium; for sintering; and for brazing components which will operate at elevated temperatures. The furnace at Small Heath is one of the first to be installed and has been designed to give temperatures up to about 2,000 deg. C. Its body consists of a water-cooled, vertical cylindrical steel tank with a hinged, domed lid, and a vacuum-tight seal is formed between flanges on the lid and the furnace body. The charge is heated by radiation from a triangular-shaped assembly of graphite bars which surrounds the charge space. These graphite bars operate at a low voltage supplied by a three-phase transformer, and a voltage regulator enables the secondary voltage of this transformer to be steplessly varied to give control over the heating rate. Radiation screens consisting of molybdenum sheets which have been arranged to enclose the heating chamber provide the thermal insulation. The vacuum pumping system which is alongside the main body of the furnace consists of a gas ballast pump, a combined booster and oil diffusion pump, and a valve block which controls the evacuation of the chamber. Safety devices give protection to both the furnace and the charge against possible failures in the electric and water supplies. The furnace is operated by a control panel placed near the machine

PROGRESS IN NUCLEAR POWER DEVELOPMENT



On left—

A technician carries out tests on the heat transfer characteristics of heat exchanger tubes at the General Electric Company and Simon-Carves Atomic Energy Group establishment at Erith, in Kent. These investigations are an important part of the experimental work being undertaken in the heat laboratory. Measurement of heat transfer coefficients and friction factors is carried out under conditions of temperature and pressure resembling those in a reactor. The laboratory also contains a number of prototype units, including sections of the charge and discharge equipment and the control rod operating mechanisms, which are undergoing tests. In the present design of nuclear reactors, heat is extracted from the natural uranium fuel by carbon dioxide gas circulated under pressure by blowers. The fuel rods are contained within a magnesium alloy can which must have some form of extended or finned surface to assist in the extraction of heat. The amount of heat which can be extracted from the fuel can is one of the controlling factors in reactor design and the investigation of heat transfer characteristics is thus an integral part of future reactor specifications. In the particular research equipment illustrated here dry super-heated gas is passed through the heat exchanger tubes and heat is extracted from them by a current of cooling air. An assessment of the effectiveness of a particular design of tube is then easily obtained by measuring the amount of steam condensed in a given time. This method has proved extremely successful in practice and has permitted the rapid testing of numerous alternative designs of extended surface tubes.

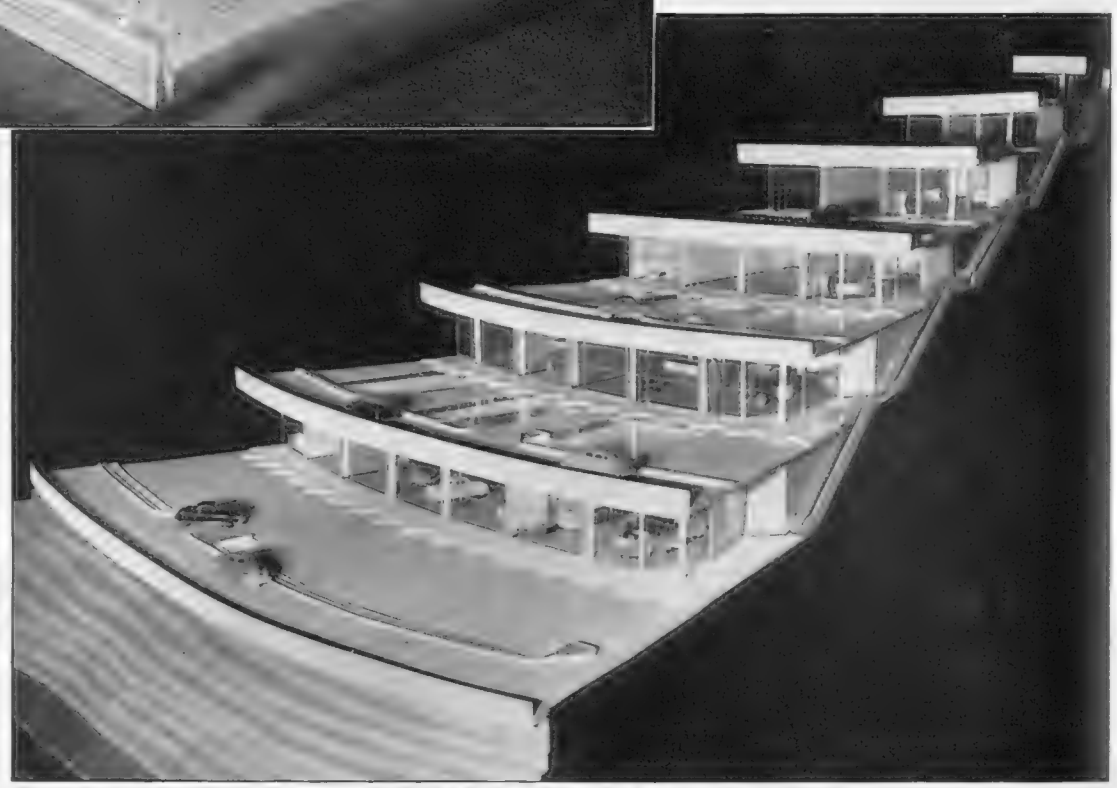
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

Below—

This vertical " cut-out " from a model of the proposed new business centre which is to be built in Caracas, Venezuela, shows the spiral ramp in the extremely modern design. The winding road which follows the contours of the plan will enable cars and lorries to drive right up to an office, store or warehouse and park in front of it. For pedestrians there will be a series of ramps, escalators and inclined elevators which will take them to any part of the complex arrangement of offices and shops. When completed in 1960 at an estimated cost of almost £9,000,000, the business centre will top a mountain overlooking the city itself. On one side of the peak there will be ten storeys and on the other twenty-five, each of them so designed and constructed that they will fit into the natural contour of the mountain. The reason for the irregularity in numbers of the storeys on each side is that the contours on one face are more tightly arranged than on the other, where the rise in height takes place more gradually. An interesting feature of the scheme is that the spiral road has been so designed that the 2·5 per cent. incline is hardly noticeable to the driver as he progresses up the mountain.

A NEW MULTI-STOREY GARAGE FOR LONDON

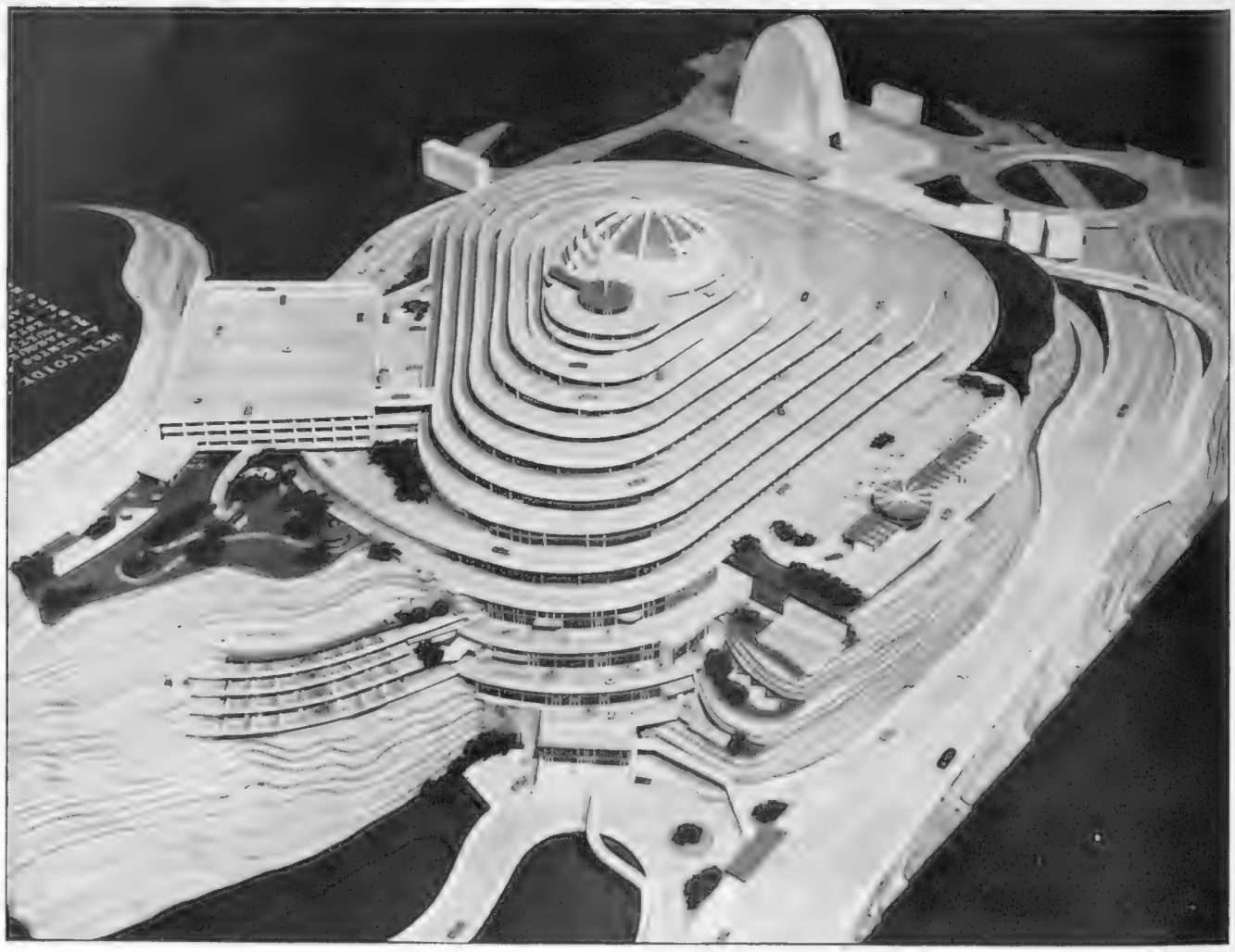
This architect's model shows an " Autosilo " type of multi-storey garage which is proposed for a site on Upper Thames Street, at Queen Street Place, near Southwark Bridge. The design is the work of Mr. Oscar Swan of " Autosilo " Limited, in conjunction with the architects for the scheme, C. Edmund Wilford and Son. Permission has been given for the development of the site and those concerned are now negotiating for a lease with the City Corporation. The multi-storey garage will be capable of housing 500 cars and handling, in peak periods, 250 cars in half an hour. In addition there will be parking space for another 100 cars outside the " Autosilo " building during peak periods, so designed that there will be no interruption in the flow of vehicles to the " Autosilo " itself. Built into the design is a petrol filling station which will be able to supply eight cars simultaneously. Also included will be a service station covering a planned area of 13,000 sq. ft., which will have full facilities for car washing, greasing and repairs. About 44,000 sq. ft. will be taken up by an office block with shops and showrooms, and overlooking the Thames will be a restaurant with an enclosed riverside walk open to the public. The final feature of the scheme will be four maisonettes with terrace gardens. The " Autosilo " system of mechanical parking and garaging is a Swiss invention which has been in operation in Karlsruhe, in Germany, since early 1955. It is to-day largely accepted on the Continent as the mechanical parking system most suited to European conditions. The system has many features which commend it to both drivers and operators. Delivery and collection delays are cut to a minimum by an elevator system.



THE CARACAS OF TO-MORROW

On right—

This model on display in Caracas, Venezuela, shows the complete design for the huge new business centre in the capital. Named a " Helicoid," this spiral structure sitting on the peak of a mountain will be one of the largest self-contained business and commercial centres in the world. It will contain 320 small stores, various industrial showrooms, an hotel, an immense swimming-pool, garages and business offices. As a centrepiece on the top of the peak itself there will be built a vast auditorium with a wide glass dome, which will be used for international trade fairs and conferences. The business centre is only one of many building projects which are speedily transforming Caracas into one of the most modern cities in the world. The country's rich oil deposits have brought immense wealth, which is reflected in the changing face of her capital. The reconstruction programme inaugurated by President Jiminez is not only concerned with such grandiose structures as the business centre and the recently completed £100,000,000 Simon Bolivar Centre, but also comprises a series of huge modern blocks of flats to replace the old slum shanty quarter.



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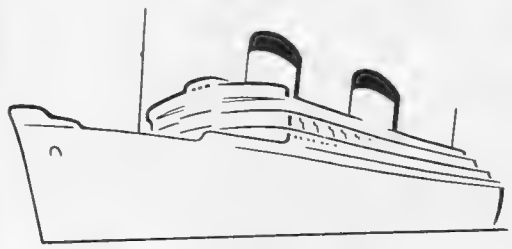

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The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

POETS IN A LANDSCAPE

Professor Gilbert Highet's Study of Seven Roman Poets; Four Books on the Last War; a Selection of Recent Publications

IN a book that is the most scholarly as well as the most enchanting of the week, Professor Gilbert Highet has shown us the results of a new kind of pilgrimage which he undertook to Italy and to the homes, as far as they can be identified, of seven great Roman poets: Catullus, Vergil, Propertius, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid and Juvenal. POETS IN A LANDSCAPE (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) has two enormous merits. It is a book for those who love Italy and for those who love poetry, and it is written with both tenderness and simplicity. In the chapters devoted to each poet, Professor Highet shows them in their natural surroundings, near their birthplaces and in the course of their domestic or working lives, illustrating many of his points with his own translations from their works. He has collected many local stories that have lingered on into this century. Perhaps the nicest and funniest of these concerns Ovid who, according to one, travelled about the world with "Ciciarone" for seven years to increase their knowledge, but Ovid learnt more and knew more Latin than Cicero because he could read with his feet. "This delightful absurdity," explains the author, "comes from the fact that there is a statue of Ovid in Sulmo standing upon a book."

The next group of books deal uncompromisingly with the last war in four of its aspects, as different from each other in their approach as it is possible to be, but all having their *raison d'être* in those fateful six years. Mr. Peter Fleming's INVASION 1940 (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is described as an account of the German preparations and the British counter-measures, during, roughly, the months from May to September of that year. At the time rumours of invasion were rife in England, and highly fantastic some of them were. Mr. Fleming's sober and reasoned book, drawing on official sources of both sides, shows that Hitler's Operation Sealion was for a considerable time a very real threat, only less real than the actual and half-paralysing blitzes that England was to suffer from that September. This is an exceptional book in many ways, for its clarity, its authority and, not least, for its appreciation of the humour that can exist—in England, at least—even facing the blackest future.

A SUGGESTED MEANS OF COPING WITH LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS A CENTURY AGO: This print showing the design for a footbridge at the crossing at the bottom of Ludgate Hill (now Ludgate Circus) formed part of an exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, which illustrated Traffic and Travel in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The prints came from the Guildhall Library Print Collection.

AFRICAN ESCAPE (Kimber. 18s.) is the story of a bid for freedom through 2,000 miles of forest and jungle, which makes it different from other escape stories. What makes it even more different is that its author, Carlo de Bellegarde, is an Italian of French extraction with an Irish grandmother and a perfect command of both English and Italian who, in 1943, was in a British P.O.W. camp in Kenya. The book, which has been translated from the Italian by Muriel Currey, is de Bellegarde's account of the amazing journey he made with his companion, an equally well-born, English-related Italian, to within five miles of Portuguese Mozambique and freedom.

Mr. James Riddell is probably one of the best skiers and most adventurous snow travellers in the world. He knows Africa (of which continent he lately wrote), the Far East, the United States, Canada, Australia and most of the countries in Europe. During a part of the last war he was chief instructor to the Middle East Ski School, and there he trained thousands of allied soldiers as high-altitude ski troops. He also met there a very remarkable character of whom he has written in DOG IN THE SNOW (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.). For Rex was a dog, a huge and, at first approach, extremely unfriendly Alsatian who belonged to a magnificently-bearded bishop in the beautiful mountains of Lebanon. Mr. Riddell spent three years in this part of the world and he has now written of his experiences in a most candid and evocative book.

THE CAT WITH TWO FACES (Putnam. 15s.) is the fourth of the World War II stories and is a spy story, told by Mr. Gordon Young, a well-known foreign correspondent. Mr. Young writes about Mathilde Carré, who called herself "The Cat," and worked in espionage at first for the Allies, later for Vichy and finally for the Germans. She was tried in Paris, her death sentence was commuted to imprisonment, and to-day she is alive and free. The tale of this would-be Mata Hari, pert, defiant, loose-living yet hard-working in each of her spying assignments and, as far as has ever been shown, utterly remorseless, is not one that will be easily forgotten.

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is an account of the Hungarian revolution as it was seen by a writer and newspaperman, Mr. James Michener. From Vienna, where he arrived in November last year a few days after the Soviet guns and tanks had reduced part of Budapest to rubble, and later during six weeks in Austria spent mostly on the Austro-Hungarian border helping refugees, Mr. Michener was well placed to study a country in its agony and to hear the immediate, undramatised stories of the men and women who escaped with their children. It makes bitter, and often terrible, reading.

From history to autobiography and an original one at that, for THE ONLY CHILD (Collins. 13s. 6d.) has been written by Mr. James Kirkup about the first six years of his life in South Shields; the life of a dreamy but apparently remarkably retentive child whose family life was happy, secure and snug in spite of comparative poverty. The little boy could count on love and understanding in his two-roomed home, and with his parents he was confident from babyhood: with outsiders he would be shy, almost mute, but he would be storing up the memories of the dirty, lively beach, the trams that obligingly flattened farthings for you on the rails, the glorious variety of sweets like sherbet "dabs" and the colour, humour, songs and even pageantry that were part of existence for a noticing sort of child. A delightful book for quiet and not necessarily nostalgic reading.

LADY WU: A TRUE STORY (Heinemann. 15s.) is Mr. Lin Yutang's biography of a seventh-century Chinese empress who lived to be eighty-three and spent a great part of her life planning, with the utmost vitality, how everyone who stood between her and supreme power could be removed. Her political purges have not been equalled till, unhappily, the present day. Nevertheless, she had considerable charm and intelligence and, more important, from our point of view, she is a fascinating subject for biography.

Finally, two books on cricket, thoughtfully written to get us all into the mood for the new season. THE GREAT CRICKETER (Robert Hale. 16s.) is, as you will not need to be told, about W. G. Grace and is dedicated "To the Other One, Sir Donald Bradman." Mr. A. A. Thomson has a light touch and, better than that, he has real humour as he writes of the grand old man who was great even in his dimensions—seventeen stone, and boots in which a boy might insert his whole arm from fingers to elbow. Here was vitality in a very big way, the joy of living and the joy of playing the game that he loved under an English sky. Mr. Thomson's study of him is infinitely quotable but, tantalising as it may be, I will only say that you must read the book as a whole.

Mr. E. R. T. Holmes, in FLANNELLED FOOLISHNESS (Hollis and Carter. 18s.) has expanded his cricketing diary into a breezy record of well-connected cricket with some high moments rising above the general urbanity of the record, such as his captaincy of the M.C.C. against Australia in 1935. Mr. Holmes has been a member of the M.C.C. Committee for twenty years and the Surrey Committee, his home county, for longer than that. He may not have been born and bred a cricketer but he has certainly been one "man and boy."

THE LOCH NESS STORY

Constance Whyte Gathers some Facts about the Monster

Since the Loch Ness monster hit the world headlines in 1933, the legend has waxed and waned but never died out: it has always come back to the headlines with renewed force as fresh evidence is discovered. The only thing lacking has been the monster itself, and now it is being urged in scientifically knowledgeable quarters that the matter be resolved once and for all by an investigation of the loch, using the underwater television techniques which have now been developed so effectively. It may well be that it will be thought worthwhile to try these techniques, particularly since the publication of Constance Whyte's excellent new book, MORE THAN A LEGEND (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.). Miss Whyte, who has lived in the neighbourhood of Loch Ness for over twenty years, has talked with many folk living in the villages round about, and in so doing has chanced upon a great deal of information of a surprising character. These reports show that the monster has been seen every year and at every season of the year, sometimes by one or two persons only, but often by whole groups of people. The book presents the evidence in a way that is neat, objective and, many may feel, convincing. Miss Whyte leaves the monster unidentified, but data there is in plenty from which the enquiring mind can piece together both the appearance and habits of this remarkable creature which for so long has taxed the imagination of many people.

With the publication of MY HOSPITAL IN THE HILLS (Robert Hale. 18s.), Gordon Seagrave completes a very delightful trilogy which he began with *Burma Surgeon* and continued so successfully with *Burma Surgeon Returns*. In *My Hospital in the Hills* he tells us of what befell him on his return to his bombed-out quarters at Namkham, there to begin the task of reconstruction which coincided with the birth of the new Burma. He shows how the confusions of a new era brought trouble and unrest to his own district. Dr. Seagrave writes well and with great sincerity not only of the day-to-day events within his own medical orbit but, on the larger scale, of Burmese national affairs.

Admiral Rogge's UNDER TEN FLAGS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is an exciting narrative. It is the story of the German surface raider *Atlantis* which sailed from Germany in March 1940 bent upon the harassment of British shipping in the remote trade routes. *Atlantis*, under Admiral Rogge's direction, remained continuously at sea for 655 days, in that time constantly changing her flag and her appearance. Altogether she sank nearly 150,000 tons of British shipping until she met her fate at the hands of a British cruiser.

This is a moment when the future of the rotating-wing aircraft is very much at stake. Will this type of plane develop into a vital direct link between capital and capital? Mr. J. Shapiro has written an excellent book on THE HELICOPTER (Frederick Muller. 21s.). He is both engineer and designer, but despite his technical qualifications, is well able to explain in simple, readily-understood terms the capabilities of the various makes and the potentialities for the future. Some excellent diagrams and photographs accompany the text of this most interesting book.

THE BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1957, recalling the events of 1956, is a particularly significant document on this occasion by reason of the tide of political events in Hungary, Poland and the Middle East, all of which are dealt with in expert commentaries. A lighter touch is provided by the nuptials in the sovereign Principality of Monaco, and there is a centenary revaluation of Bernard Shaw by Arnold Kettle, Lecturer in English Literature at Leeds University. In Art, Architecture, Aviation and, indeed, every conceivable field, the *Book of the Year* once again amply justifies itself. It is published by Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. at 6 guineas in the standard binding.

There can be few more inveterate travellers than Dr. Hans Grieshaber, a native of the Grisons who has exchanged the cableways of his own Swiss canton for ships, aeroplanes, motor-cars, charabancs, mules and skis, and in thirteen long voyages has five times circumnavigated the globe. In THIRTY YEARS TRAVELLING ROUND THE WORLD (Robert Hale. 21s.) he tells his story, and no fewer than 259 pages of photographs help to make this one of the most lavish of travelogues. One could only wish that the much-travelled Dr. Hans would sometimes pause just a little longer before rushing headlong on to his next port of call.

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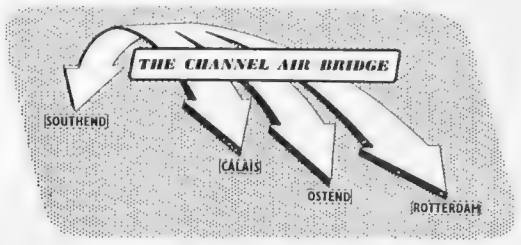

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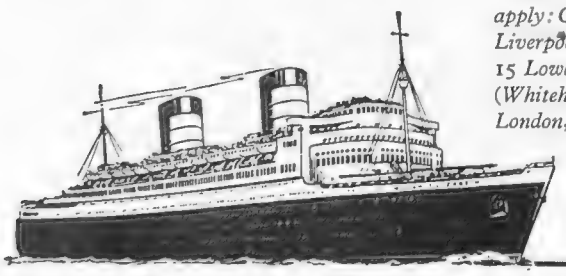

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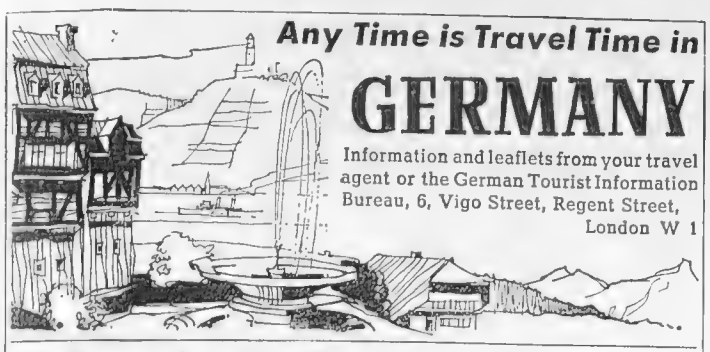
A BABY HIPPO HAS HIS FIRST SWIMMING LESSON : Gilbert, who was born at Whipsnade Zoo on July 27, was introduced to the water on one of the warm early days of this month. Belinda, his attentive mother, gave him his first swimming lesson to the delight of onlookers.

ZOO BABIES

FIRST STEPS: Another Whipsnade baby is the Baringo giraffe, three weeks old when this picture was taken, with her mother, Happy.

A BEAR CUB AT MAIDSTONE ZOO : The baby was seven weeks old when photographed with her mother, Minnie, who at that time would not allow the cub to make expeditions outside.

TWO OF WHIPSNADE'S FOUR BABY CAMELS IN THE SPRING SUNSHINE : The younger was four weeks old and one of four Bactrian camels born at almost the same time. This record camel crop has become a prime attraction for visitors.



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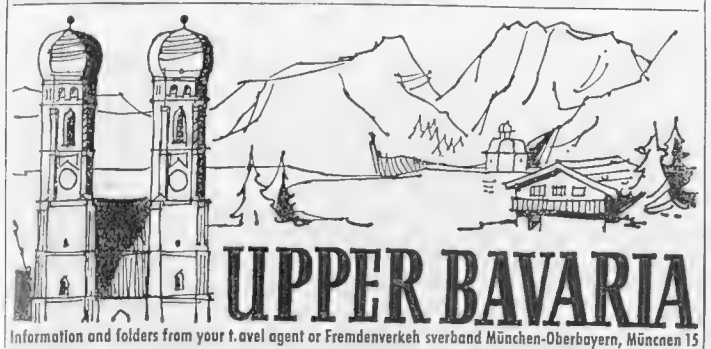

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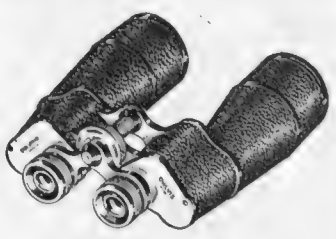

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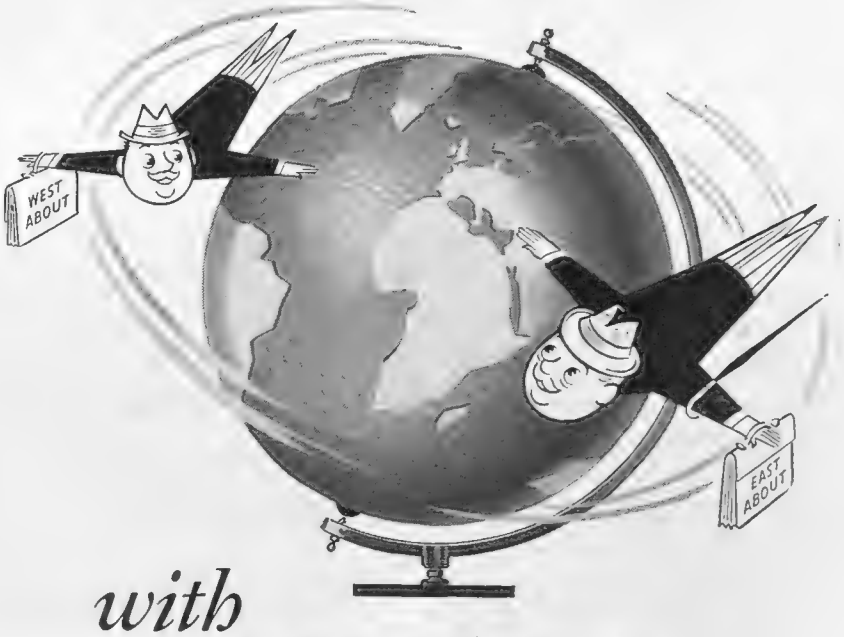

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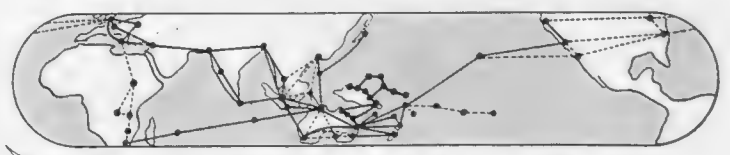

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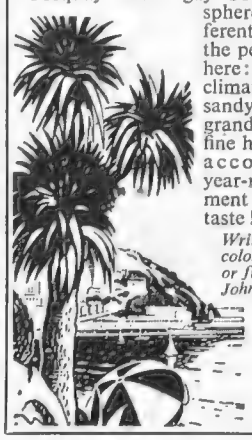

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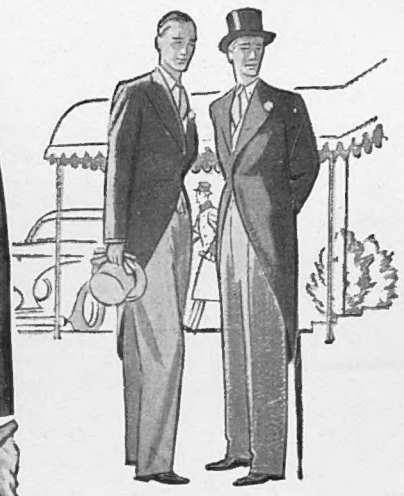

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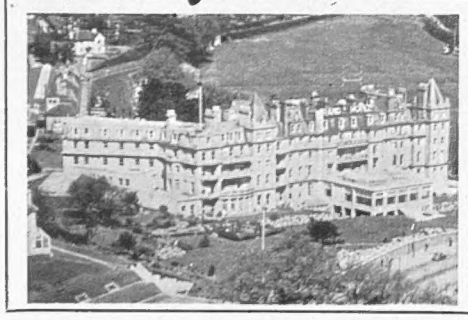

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS once again draws attention to the close links that exist between the British- and French-speaking peoples, and though the French do not visit our shores in the same proportion that we visit theirs, I think it is generally accepted that they are not so travel-minded as the British and, in any case, find sufficient scenic and weather contrasts in their own country.

In spite of all that the critics may say, my experience is that such of the French who do visit us are quick to praise the high standard of comfort (not forgetting plumbing) which they find in British hotels and are agreeably surprised at the excellence of our catering standards. It is a mistake to suppose they are only interested in their own national dishes, so if and when you have reason to entertain them, I will name a selection of places which will, I feel confident, appeal to them as well as to you.

The first is The White Hart Hotel, Lewes, which a few years ago was purchased by the Directors of Bouchard Aine, the well-known wine-shippers. Here they have modernised with full regard to its Georgian characteristics, and have created such a happy French environment in their Restaurant that the pleasures of "*une bonne table*" can be fully indulged in. Many private and public functions have been held within the friendly walls of The White Hart since it came under its present virile direction, but none could have excited more gastronomic pleasure than a Georgian dinner given by the Sussex Wine and Food Society in February last, when the dishes were taken exclusively from the pages of *A Cook's Paradise*, printed by William Verral, who was the Master of The White Hart Inn in 1759.

BILL OF FARE.

Potage à la Reine.
Attelettes d'Huitres au Jus Clair grillée.
Faisan à la mongelas aux Fois Gras.
Pièce du Boeuf tremblant.
Fromage de Stilton très fin.
Des Poires à la Portugaise aux Groseilles seches.
Café Noir et Chaud.

Old Amontillado.
Madeira Fine Solera 1868.
Château Tustoc 1952.
Chassagne Montrachet 1945.
Charmes Chambertin 1928.
Richebourg 1923.
Krug Private Cuvée 1947.

Martinez 1927.
Cognac X.O.G.C. Ducasse.
Macanudo Coronas.

It is good news to hear that the Directorate of Lewes's White Hart have recently purchased The White Hart at Godstone, twenty miles from London, on the direct road to Lewes and Eastbourne.

While the relative qualities of British and French standards of hotels and catering will always be a matter of debate, never let it be forgotten that we owe much to the French nation for the skilled managers and chefs who have played their part in upraising our standards. One man I would like to single out in this respect is Mr. L. Burdet, Managing Director of the Company which owns the elegant Stafford Hotel in St. James's Place, off Piccadilly, and the Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor Regis, on the Sussex coast. Mr. Burdet is not only a very able Frenchman but a very brave one. During the last war he was dropped by parachute into France and was a prominent member of the Resistance Movement. Both hotels are fine examples of comfort and of high culinary standards.

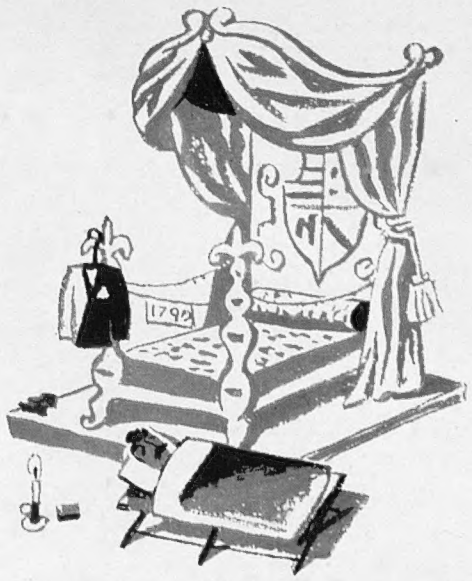
One final word about the French influence in London hotel circles. If you prefer service chambers to an hotel, make a note of Stanhope House, 59, Cromwell Road, S.W.7, which is happily furnished and most efficiently run by Madame Gilles (whose late husband was for many years General Manager of The Savoy Hotel). Occupying a corner site, a number of bedrooms have private bathrooms and face on to Stanhope Gardens. Here one has one's own front door and bedroom key, and can have breakfast in one's bedroom or in a small, gay restaurant below stairs. The telephone number is Fremantle 0167 and there is a lift to all floors.

A criticism often levelled against British restaurateurs and hoteliers is that they are so unwelcoming, and there is some truth in this. So take care when planning a tour of Britain for your French friends that Welcome goes beyond being inscribed on the doormat. Here are some suggestions taken at random. The first which comes to my mind is "The English Hotel in the Mediterranean manner," The Imperial, Torquay, where, if you and your friends go to stay, it will not be long before the all-seeing Michael Chapman will make himself known to you. At Torquay's Grand Hotel, Mr. Paul and his wife are at the reception desk almost before one has signed the register. To let you into a back-stage secret, this is done by an ingenious system of coloured lights which indicates to them that expected arrivals are booking in. For a 200-bedroom hotel that is PERSONAL SERVICE in an exceptional degree. Another hotel I would like all French and overseas visitors to stay at is The Castle Hotel, Taunton, managed by Michael Chapman's brother Peter. Both he and his wife are charming hosts and their standard of catering is such that a year or so back they were awarded the Grand Prix by the Gastronomic Society of Belgium.

Of course you *must* take your French friends to Fortingall. Where on earth is that? You may well ask. It is a small hotel tucked away behind Loch Tay, in Scotland, where everyone at the French Embassy must have stayed at one time or another. Here William Heptinstall (a Yorkshireman, by the way) has one hobby in life—cooking and presentation. I question whether there is a Frenchman alive who can put up a better *hors d'œuvre* than this wizard in the heart of Scotland. Sunday lunch is the great occasion when he presents his collation, on which he often works half the night. Table reservations should always be made in advance, telephone number Keltneyburn 216. Two golden rules should be observed. Be punctual and don't smoke in Mr. Heptinstall's restaurant. It is never a compliment to food and wine prepared by a genius.

The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

WEEKENDS AT WORTNY



It is really fairly essential to get asked to Welbroke-Cortenáy (pronounced "Wortny") because not only do the people there have the most tremendous taste, but also everything is absolutely bang period—not just period of course but an actual period with a date which is practically almost even a day of the month. So DO NOT TOUCH.

One or two snags of course. It is no bad idea to slip into your bag a tin of pressed beef: because the kitchens (1485) are only suitable for the preparation of larks' tongues, lampreys, boars' heads and oxen roasted whole—articles which the Co-op, to the apologetic annoyance of your hosts, are not invariably able to supply.

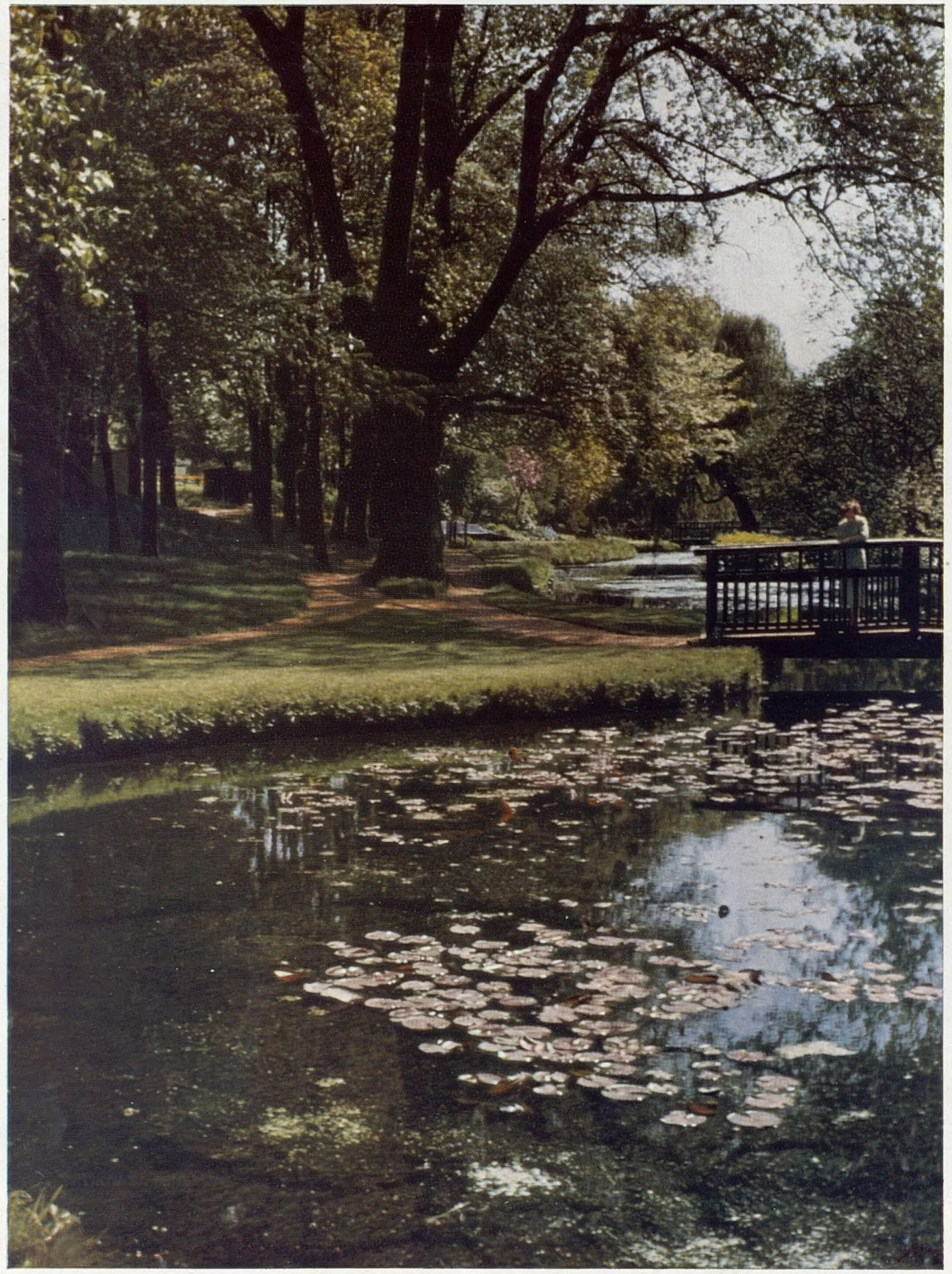
Bring own hot water bottles, because they hadn't been invented by any date which could possibly be admitted as a proper kind of date here. Similarly of course there are no ping pong tables, radio sets or bridge markers. No corkscrews, and the soap in the bathroom certainly is not of the modern kind. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course one can always sit, as long as one sits down very slowly indeed. It is perhaps worth pointing out that it is a good thing not to sit where one might think one was supposed to sit but only somewhere else in a rather bad light round the corner. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course it is rather wonderful to be able to choose the date of the room you sleep in. I always select the one with the bed you are actually able to use. This guest's maid's bedroom is 1788 marred by the restoration in 1789 of a chip out of the nose of the cherub supporting the mirror which was knocked off by an American Secession scent bottle thrown in a Georgian quarrel between a Bastille period husband and wife. So DO NOT TOUCH.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

That a city as large as Norwich should have been able to retain so much rural charm is largely due to the abundance of its trees. Any bird's-eye view shows a multitude of tree-tops rather than of chimney stacks! Yet this pleasant park beside the river is overlooked by one of the city's large shoe factories.

Norwich specialises in the manufacture of ladies' high quality fashion shoes, its products being world famous. The city is equally renowned for the unrivalled insurance service provided by the Norwich Union Insurance Societies to policyholders all over the world.

NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

Branches and Agencies throughout the World

★ *A print of this advertisement may be obtained on application to the Societies' Publicity Department.*

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, April 20, 1957. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.